THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

VOL. XXVI. NO. 7. CHICAGO, ILL., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1898. Single Copies 5 Cents.

MAUD'S DISCARD

HEIRESS TO AN EARLDOM

By M. E. Doris Collins. ++++

CHAPTER I.

VERA.

"Vera! Vera! Where are you, child? I want you."

"Coming, papa!" cries a sweet young voice, and a girl runs out of the house and through a bottle of sweet-scented cool country house, a young girl hastens with flying footsteps. In the grass-grown path leading out upon the spacious gallery she comes to a pause, and stands looking like a picture framed in by the woodwork of the door.

A fair picture truly. Purely skin great dark eyes, shaded by long lashes, and hair darkening at times into midnight blackness, regular features; a small, red mouth; a graceful head covered with a wealth of very golden hair. She has the figure of a sylph for grace and lightness, it, it not for her beauty merely that is so alluring, but the charm of innocence. A face which has not been soiling through the out of physical beauty, but which has in it the soul of one who runs in contact with high thoughts.

The scene upon which my story opens is a study for an artist. A fair June day lying in the sunny southland!

"And what is to-day in June?"

The old house covered with roses and honeysuckle, the wide, cool gallery with its quaint pillars, its swing, with a babe and long widow's opening out upon the broad, shaded grounds, the stately trees, the luxuriant flowers, the fragrant shrubbery, the whole a perfect full of old-fashioned flowers, whose strange names are known only to the grocery hum of myriad insects; and above the whole the soft, warm sky of a southern June, and over all the sweet, pervading calm of June.

Upon a shady gallery where a sally-colored hammock swings, and roomy willow rockers are to be found in plenty, an old man sits in a big, easy chair. A man who has passed the meridian of life, and is now on the quiet pathway, and who, with a calm

BY FATE'S DECREE.

(Continued from page one.)

Theodora's eyes flash like steel mirrors, and she bites her under lip until the blood starts. But she preserves an admirable outward demeanor and even forces a smile.

"The music will be an addition to the evening's amusement, no doubt," she returns slowly, "and I promise you that the young person shall be properly entertained by mamma and myself."

"The young person, my dear Miss Dora!" protests Vane Van Dyck, hastily, "is a lady remember. Because she performs upon the violin to oblige Sir Arthur and myself, it does not follow that she is a hired musician."

The long, light eyelashes droop over Theodora Churchill's pale eyes.

"I suppose not," she returns thoughtfully; "but you see, that sort of thing to us English people, seems a little odd. You are an American, Vane, and no distinction of rank or caste ever troubles you!"

As she speaks she wheels abruptly about and seizes his hand in both her own.

"You are not displeased with me, Vane?" she asks humbly. He smiles and withdraws his hand from hers.

"Certainly not; why do you ask such a foolish question?"

She does not answer and just then someone summons him away, and he leaves her alone. Leaves her standing there, with a baffled look upon her white face, her hands clenched.

"I see! I see!" She hisses the words sharply. "He has fallen in love with this girl's doll face, but she shall not come between me and the dream of my life! Let her come to Fairview; I will make her welcome! But before I am done with her, Vera Moore will wish that she had never been born!"

The words breathed passionately—sound like a vow. Alas, it is kept to the bitter end!

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

Vera stood watching the dog-cart until it turns a bend in the road and is lost to sight. A low sigh escapes her lips; upon her face that dreamy, thoughtful look still rests. She goes slowly into the hall, and from a carved rack takes down a battered old violin. A moment later the air is pulsating with harmony—low, sweet, tender as the lullaby of a mother over her sleeping child. Then, rising and swelling in a wild outburst of rapture! a diapason of triumph, anon falling into a weird refrain, a mournful minor key with an under note of despair, like a human soul in anguish. It is wonderful, wonderful.

The blind musician listened to the wondrous melody which the bow in Vera's hand calls forth from the slumbering strings; and his white head is held erect proudly, and the sightless eyes fill with tears.

"My beautiful, gifted darling!" he murmurs softly; "while she is left to me I am not utterly bereft."

The music dies into silence in a little, rapturous shiver; the hand that wields the magic bow falls listless, and Vera has come back to earth once more.

"Come here, child."

The old man's voice is all a-tremble.

"Vera, do you know that you are wonderfully gifted? Your face, I have not forgotten it, my darling, though years have passed since I last looked upon it, and I know that it is beautiful. And your soul is attuned to harmony. I believe you are destined to become one of the first violinists of the day. True, you have had no teacher save your old father, but I imagine Gervase Moore can hold his own with the best of them. Bring the Stradivarius, dear, and let me accompany you."

She gets his own special instrument and lays it on his knee. The wrinkled hands touch it reverently.

"They tell me it is not a real Stradivarius," he says, with suppressed passion in his voice; "that I was mistaken. They, the so-called critics down in the city yonder, dare to say that. I suppose they think the old blind fiddler, the ruined planter, poor and obscure, has no right to a treasure like this! But no matter; we do not mind them, do we, dear?"

He is touching the strings of the violin with soft, light, loving touches, as a mother handles her first-born.

"Dear old violin!" he goes on, softly; "like life, in the old poem:

"We have been long together,
In sunshine, and in stormy weather!"

He lifts the bow and touches the strings lightly; so lightly that one would think no sound could come. But, a little shower of delicate lifting notes flashes out upon the summer silence—light, tender, spiritual. It is heavenly music. It lifts the heart above the sordid cares of life; above earthly things; to soar aloft on wings of melody. Then, a sudden shifting of the magic bow, and the music changes to a grave, sad cadence. It pierces the heart with a pleasure that is akin to pain; it penetrates to the holy of holies. Listening to such divine strains one feels that life is worth living after all, since it can give to us such divine melody.

"We will play that air on Wednesday night," the old musician announces as he lays the violin down. But Vera sighs profoundly; evidently something is troubling her.

"Papa," she ventures, timidly at length; "you have told him—Sir Arthur Geraint—that we will go to Fairview and, just think, you forgot, dear, I have nothing to wear!"

A look of astonishment which is almost ludicrous, crosses the old man's face.

"Nothing to wear! Did I hear aright,

HE STARTS, HIS FACE FLUSHES.

Vera?" he falters. "I know that we are poor, very poor; that save for this plantation, which I have not the means to properly cultivate, we have only my pension from the society of musicians, who pay it to me because of my old age and infirmities. It is all we have to depend upon, save the very little we make from the crops. But, I certainly thought my daughter was properly clothed—"

"I am, I am, indeed, papa," she interrupts hastily. He cannot see that she wears a common gown of faded pink calico, conspicuously repaired in several places, but in which she somehow contrives to look like a disguised princess.

"I have plenty of things suitable for home wear, papa, but you see, this is a little different, dear. We are to go into an elegant room at Fairview. I have seen it, for I have been all over the house, and, oh, papa, words cannot express its magnificance! And to appear among those people, we certainly need better clothing; something different from that we wear at home, where we seldom see strangers. You have your old dress suit, papa; I will brush it and sponge it, and it will do nicely. But I—I——" The sweet voice died away. "Oh, well, I shall manage somehow," she adds, trying to conceal her uneasiness.

"Ask Hepsy; she will know what to do, if anyone," he suggests, as a bright thought seems to strike him.

Hepsy is the housekeeper and general manager of the Moore household. A big, round, jolly old soul; a woman of uncertain age and few personal charms. She has been a fixture in the Moore domicile ever since Vera can remember; and what life would be without Hepsy the girl does not dare conjecture.

Even now, Vera hears her voice in the hall, where she is laying down the law to Dot, the ebony damsel whom Hepsy alternately drives and coaxes, and finds either equally unavailing. Vera has a wholesome awe of Hepsy's sharp tongue; though under the acid there lurks a great deal of sweetness. But this is a case which admits of no delay, so Hepsy is summoned to the family conclave. She folds her fat arms upon her capacious chest, and the round, gray eyes rest upon Vera in wordless consternation.

"You mean to say, Vera Moore, that you and your pa is goin'—actually goin'—to visit a real English lord? Well, I declare, you could knock me down with a feather, I'm that surprised!"

Which, taking into consideration her one hundred and ninety-five pounds of avoirdupois, is a rather rash assertion.

"And you ain't got a decent thing to wear," she bursts forth, volubly; "not a decent dress! There's only the white lawn; 'tain't clean, but I kin do it up in time for Wednesday night. But, you ain't got a mite o' ribbon fit to wear with it, and it is a little skimpy in the sleeves. Law! everybody's wearin' big sleeves now, and them sleeves o' yourn is skin tight, sure's you're born. Dear me," shaking her head slowly and perplexedly, "I can't see what you will do!"

"Could I; do you think I could find anything up in the attic, Hepsy?" suggests Vera, a swift alluring hope springing up in her heart. "There's that black lace dress of my mamma's, Hepsy; do you think we could fix it?"

"We'll see; we'll see! Come, we will go right now, and look at it. But," shaking her head gravely and dubiously, in a way which dampens Vera's ardor materially, "I don't have much hopes."

They make their way up the tortuous staircase which leads to the dusty attic; and Vera soon holds in her hands with gentle touch, the one dress which remains unharmed by time, from her dead mother's wardrobe.

Strange, that while the human form, which has worn this pretty clinging gown, has long since crumbled into dust, the perishable garment still remains intact. It seems almost a parody upon human life.

The lace dress is real lace, and there is a quantity of material, also a flounce of the same, which will answer admirably for the gown's furnishing, when it shall be remodeled to fit Vera's slim figure. A cry of delight escapes the girl's lips.

"Just the very thing! What a lucky girl I am!" (Her voice has a glad little ring in it.) "We will trim the dress with the lace flounce and take some of the skirt for new sleeves. Hepsy, great, big elbow sleeves!"

She draws her breath with a little gasp of rapture, and goes on in a transport of delight:

"We will cut it V-shape in the neck and edge it with lace. I can wear Jack roses in the corsage; papa will contrive to give me some new gloves and a pair of slippers, and I have quite a pretty and respectable fan. And so, the problem is solved and the riddle guessed, the vexed question is answered. You dear old Hepsy, I am the happiest girl in all Louisiana to-day. Come here, and let me hug you!"

So, it is all settled. Hepsy falls upon the lace, and the gown is "built over" with amazing rapidity. Vera gets out her father's old-fashioned dress suit, and goes to work with a will, sponging and renovating; and the old house is full of preparation for the coming event. And all the time, in the depths of her happy little heart, Vera is saying over and over again:

"I shall see him again; I shall see him again!"

She goes to bed on Tuesday night with anxious dread lest there be a change in the weather. What if it should rain tomorrow? Oh, woe and despair! She will not think of such a calamity. Waking in the night, she actually gets out of bed, and gliding like a little white-robed ghost to the window, peeps out at the sky. A deluge of moonlight meets her eyes; moonlight pale and clear, for the moon is at the full, and rises late. It turns the sleeping garden into a paradise, and makes of the peaceful scene a picture divinely beautiful. Vera goes back to bed with great hopes for the morrow.

Morning comes, and oh, joy! It is a perfect day. The hours drag slowly by, interminably long they seem to Vera. She polishes the violins until they shine like glass, and places them in their cases with a little thrill of satisfaction. But "everything comes to him who knows how to wait," and night which in the course of nature must come sometime, makes its appearance at last.

Long before seven the two are ready. And when the carriage from Fairview drives up the avenue, a very gentlemanly old man, attired in a worn dress suit, followed by a vision of loveliness in black lace and red roses, gets into the vehicle and they are off.

After the bridge is crossed, it is not a very long drive to Fairview, and they are there before they know it. Is it Fairview, or fairyland? The great house is ablaze with light, and there are flowers—flowers everywhere. The sound of faint music greets them; all is light and gorgeous colors and perfume; it is a tale from the Arabian Nights.

Like one in a dream, Vera takes in the bewildering picture, as she leads her blind father up the broad steps, and in at the open door, to the realm of beauty beyond.

Near the door, waiting to welcome his guests, Sir Arthur Geraint is standing, with Vane Van Dyck at his side. There is a look of delight, of rapture, upon Vane's handsome face as he takes Vera's hand and motions to the servant who is following with the violins, to place them upon a side table. He knows nothing of the musical ability of Gervase Moore and his young daughter, but any pretext is acceptable to get Vera to Fairview.

Vera undergoes the ordeal of presentation still in that dreamlike maze. She hears the names of Sir Arthur Geraint and Mrs. Churchill, Mr. Vane Van Dyck and Miss Churchill; and she bows in a general way, too timid to glance into the faces before her.

That ordeal over, she finds herself in a dressing room in company with a tall young woman, with fair hair and steel-gray eyes. She is dressed in pale blue silk, with diamonds glittering upon her powdered neck and thin arms. It is Theodora Churchill. Vera feels somehow as if she has suddenly been brought in contact with an iceberg. And all this time our little heroine believes Vane Van Dyck to be Sir Arthur Geraint.

She removes the white crepe shawl which has served as a wrap, and glances timidly into the mirror. A dazzling vision is reflected there. Eyes that shine like stars; sweet, red lips apart; a smile hiding in the dimples; a complexion which is destined to make of her an object of keenest envy before the evening is over.

Old Gervase Moore shares with his daughter the belief that the young secretary is Sir Arthur Geraint. Vane is fully determined to drop his involuntary masquerade at the first opportunity, and explain to Vera and her father the mistake under which they are laboring. But his duties as assistant host fill every moment of his time at first, and when at length Vane seeks Vera and her father, they are preparing to play, and the violins are about to be heard.

The old musician looks like a dethroned king, as he sits in a huge arm chair, while the girl stands beside him, her slender, lissome figure gracefully posed, her violin in position; one white, rounded arm from which the black lace elbow sleeve falls away, revealing its fair whiteness, poised lightly with the bow uplifted. Then, down comes the bow upon the strings, and after that nobody has thought for anything else save the music. It is wonderful! It is grand! It is divine! Vane's eyes, dancing mischievously, meet the angry glare from Dora Churchill's pale orbs across the space that separates them. She has strenuously objected to these two, father and daughter, being allowed to take part in the musical entertainment; "making spectacles of themselves," as she spitefully expressed it.

"How do you know that they understand the first rudiments of music?" she had demanded angrily. "And we are to have the best people, such as they are, of the whole parish here tonight. It is a shame!" declares Miss Churchill, "that common nobodies should be invited to shock refined guests with negro melodies and plantation break-downs!"

And now, Miss Churchill, standing staring in blank amazement, while father and daughter render in perfect harmony, a difficult waltz of a famous German composer's, is obliged to confess that she has never listened to more exquisite music in her life. Her pale eyes scintillate, and her thin, painted under-lip is drawn down by the vicious pressure of her white teeth.

"I must get rid of that girl in some way," she mutters. "I must do something to hurt and humiliate her. I have heard that the poorer class of southern people are the proudest and most independent in the world. The poorer they are the prouder they are, or seem to be! Ah, I have it!"

Bringing her gloved hands sharply together with a resolute gesture, making her way swiftly, lest Vane Van Dyck should observe her, to Vera's side, Miss Churchill pauses, to bide her time. Vera has been urged to play again, but refuses gently and modestly, not wishing to appear conspicuous. She meets Vane Van Dyck's dark eyes fixed upon her face with a look of passionate admiration, and her own eyes droop beneath that gaze. Dora Churchill sees it also, and her mind is made up.

Vera's heart is beating wildly. She closes the violin case, her hands trembling perceptibly; then she hears her name spoken in a low tone, and glancing up sees Dora Churchill standing near.

"Go into the library with your father." (Miss Churchill's voice is low and authoritative.) "It is just across the hall. I will be there directly."

Wondering greatly, but not daring to disobey, Vera takes her father's arm and leads him into the library. A moment later, when Vane has made his way to the spot where the two had been stationed, they are gone.

In the luxurious library Vera seats her father in an easy chair, and stands leaning her elbow upon the carved back. For a moment she stands there in silence, then the door opens and Dora Churchill enters. Her face is a study of cold, cruel hatred.

"Sir Arthur Geraint has requested me to hand you this," she says, laying a small roll of bank bills upon an onyx table at Vera's side, "and he has concluded that as we have an orchestra to dance by, we do not need your further services, and you had better go; the carriage is at the door."

Silence! Slowly, calmly, wonderingly, Vera lifts her bewildered eyes to the hard, cold face before her.

"I do not understand you," she says slowly. "My father and I are invited guests here!"

"You are musicians, amateur musicians, hired for this occasion!" Theodora Churchill's voice cuts like a knife. "There is your money—your pay—Sir Arthur Geraint sends it, and he says you may go. He has no further use for your services."

"Madam!"

Vera Moore's slight form is drawn up to its full height, her eyes seem to flash fire, and the sweet voice is scornful and contemptuous. "I take no orders from Sir Arthur Geraint's hirelings and dependents. We are here by his invitation. Is it the custom among the English aristocracy to invite guests to your house, only to insult them? Tell Sir Arthur Geraint for me, that he is no gentleman, to permit such insult! He may be an English lord, but he has neither refinement nor good breeding! I thoroughly despise him! No, papa, don't speak." She turns to the old man who is struggling with his indignation; "such people are not worth getting excited over!"

She picks up the roll of bills, and, with a swift, scornful gesture, flings it through the open window, where it falls in the midst of a pansy bed.

"As for you!" she goes on, with a glance of contempt into Dora's pale, excited face, "you are not a lady! If one of the negro servants on my father's plantation were to behave in so ill-bred a way, she should be punished severely. Good night, Miss Churchill!"

The sweet voice rings out, cold and stinging with contempt. "Come, papa," placing her hand upon the old man's arm; "let us go."

And before Theodora Churchill can recover the use of her faculties, Vera has conducted her father to the dressing room, procured his hat and flinging her own wrap about her shoulders, she leads him away, in her angry haste forgetting the precious violins.

"Come, papa, darling," she whispers; "let us go home. We will walk there. I would sooner die, than enter Sir Arthur Geraint's carriage again!"

They steal out of the house quite unperceived, and hasten away down the long walk, and the gates of Fairview are closed behind them. They turn their faces homeward, Vera feeling as though she is walking on air. So intense is her anger, so hurt, so humiliated, so agonized is she, that she can find no words to utter. The old man, too, is silent, as he walks slowly onward leaning upon his daughter's strong, young arm. He is ill and feeble, but Vera does not know it, and neither of them dream of the dark shadow which is hovering over their heads. At last they reach the old bridge which spans the pretty, brawling river. A load of lumber with a belated driver—it is nearly 10 o'clock—has just passed over the bridge, and it is still shaking and trembling under the unusual strain. No one dreams of the full extent of the evil that heavy load has accomplished, as the driver urging his mules onward, disappears from view. The bridge is absolutely unsafe. One particular spot no human foot can ever cross again.

But Vera never dreams the truth. Angry, defiant, half wild with wounded pride and insulted dignity, she pays no heed. She leads her father on to the bridge. He walks very slowly and with a strange hesitation and trembling; there is a deadly faintness creeping over him; but he is brave, and says nothing.

Half-way over the bridge, Vera comes to a sudden halt, and the arm that supports her father shakes like a leaf, as the awful truth dawns upon her understanding. Her quick eyes have fallen upon a sight which makes her heart stand still with horror. Almost at their feet the woodwork of the bridge has given way, and the worm-eaten timbers hang by a mere thread. Over the scene the fair white moonlight lies like a glory.

"Papa!"

The girl's voice rings out in a shrill cry. Under their feet, the old bridge sways and quivers like a sentient thing.

"Papa!" she moans once more in a trembling voice; "the bridge—is—broken——"

She never finishes. With a low moan, part terror, part physical suffering, the old man sinks down upon the swaying structure, unable to move. His lower limbs refuse to bear him; they are powerless; he feels numb and dead.

"Vera!" he falters, brokenly; "it is the old trouble; you know, child. I had it once before—paralysis."

The word dies upon his white lips, and he lies still, quite still.

A sound breaks the silence; it is the thud of horses' feet. Vera's eyes seek the river bank, and the road by which they have come. She sees a man on horseback dashing madly forward, on to the bridge, which from that side seems all safe.

"He will be drowned!" she cries; "we shall all perish!" She springs lightly forward, and waves her arms to attract attention. And then, for the first time, she sees, with a mad thrill at her heart, that it is the man whom she believes to be Sir Arthur Geraint!

"Go back!" she shouts, gesticulating wildly; "the bridge is broken! Go back, go back, or you will be drowned!"

(To be continued next week.)

The Latest in Mandolins.

Mandolins made of aluminum are the latest thing in musical instruments. There is no warping, cracking, or splitting, as in those made of wood. The tone is as clear as a bell, and the metal frame gives it great carrying power. It will withstand all kinds of weather without being impaired, and summer excursionists will readily realize its value.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

How Did She Know?

A young gentleman took his little sister to see a family in which he was a regular caller. The little girl made herself quite at home, and showed great fondness for one of the young ladies, hugging her heartily. "How very affectionate she is," said the lady of the house. "Yes, so like her brother," responded the young lady unthinkingly. Paterfamilias looked sternly over the top of his spectacles, the young gentleman blushed, and the rest were silent.

Cooking Receipts Free.
L. Gerstle & Co. offer to send any woman reader of this paper free a copy of St. Joseph's Guide to Health, which contains some world famous cooking receipts. Cut out the coupon on the last page.

ZANONI THE MAGICIAN.

The Happy Effect Upon a Bloodthirsty Band of Savages of Swallowing Pistols, Knives, Etc.

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

Indians everywhere, the plains seemed alive with them, the most treacherous and cowardly of the many tribes of the redman, too, the marauding Crows. They hung upon the flanks of the wagon train like coyotes about a wounded bison, yelping their abuse and insults at the travelers from every side. At length a party of seven braves on their ponies detached themselves from the main body of the savages and rode toward the rude fortification improvised by the white men, by placing the wagons in a circle and piling up the baggage as breastworks.

"They want a parley," said Professor Zanoni. "Some one must step outside and talk to them. I, myself will have a word to say presently."

The selected teamster went beyond the enclosure, while Zanoni, the conjurer, aided by one of the men, lifted a trunk from the wagon that belonged to him and began turning over and arranging the contents.

He was preparing himself to execute his astounding illusions, of which more will be related in the proper place.

The emigrants thought what he did was for the purpose of assuming an air of indifference, so no particular attention was paid to his actions.

The representative of the party stood outside waiting for the Indians. Four of them dismounted and walked toward him in a friendly manner while the rest held the horses. One of the party addressed the white man in broken English. "Indian no want scalp," he said, "want powder," and he gave the teamster to whom he was speaking to understand that if they were furnished with what powder the white men had in stock they would escort the party across the plains and protect them from other tribes. Give them the gunpowder belonging to the train! A modest request. The representatives of the white men mildly refused. Well, then, would the train men give them bullets; they were very much in want of bullets. "Your dead right thar, redskin," replied the teamster equivocally, "you want our bullets bad, and if so be you insist on it you'll get 'em, but that'll be 'bout the only thing you will git."

CATCH BULLETS.

Zanoni now made his appearance; he whispered to the teamster, who immediately withdrew.

"You boss?" said the spokesman of the Indians suddenly, as he noticed Zanoni.

"No, I'm Powow, medicine man. You can't hurt those men or horses. I save them."

The Indian translated this to his companions, who grinned appreciatively and incredulously.

"See," said Zanoni, you can't shoot me here, and he drew a revolver, a weapon that had just begun to be introduced throughout the great west at the time; "fire at me."

The Indian smiled grimly.

"You don't want me kill you?" he asked scornfully.

"You can't."

The beady eyes of the Indian flashed.

"Shoot!" said Zanoni, folding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment, and looked suspiciously at the white men in the enclosure and at the revolver. Then he turned to his companions and spoke to them in their own language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian thrust the pistol toward the conjuror. "You say, shoot?" said he.

"Shoot!" cried Zanoni again.

The Indian fired.

Zanoni smiled and walking toward the Indian handed him a bullet.

The Indian looked paralyzed. Zanoni showed him how to fire it again. The Indian fired the other five shots. Zanoni caught every bullet, sometimes seeming to catch one from his breast, sometimes from his head or his face or whatever part of his person the savage aimed at in firing, and each time he handed the bullet to the Indian. The Indians present one and all were now in a state of wildest excitement, for one way be very sure they had never dreamed of that useful article, the conjuror's pistol still less that to make a revolver on the same principle requires little extra pains. The bullets were real, of course, but the charges in the chambers were mere frauds and deceptions. All the Indians, like so many children, were now eager to shoot, and Zanoni was quite ready to accommodate them. He took seven pistols from his trunkful of wonders and proceeded in their presence to load each one. He first put in the powder and then the wadding and lastly the bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed each as he loaded it to one of the savages. Suddenly one of them without warning fired at him. Zanoni without appearing to have noticed him, raised his hand and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed it toward the Indian who had fired at him. The red man picked it up with an air of stupefaction, but instantly his stolid features assumed as much a look of superstitious fear and horror as an Indian's face may be supposed to be capable of expressing, for the bullet of lead had suddenly melted in his hand and became a lot of gore. He waved his blood dripping hand above his head, shouting "Medicine! Medicine!! Heap medicine!!!" Meanwhile the conjurer had the rest fire and six reports rang out in quick succession. Zanoni took off his hat and showed it to the Indians, who, to their amazement, beheld their six bullets in the hat.

To the unsophisticated eyes of the savages those large pistols were more orthodox weapons than the mere modern revolver though, as may be suspected, they were really the more common magical fire arms from which, in the act of apparently ramming home the ball, the latter is secretly seized by the hollow head of the ramrod and brought back to the performer's hand.

THE SWALLOWING ACT.

These pistols had, after having been discharged, all been placed in Zanoni's hat.

"Do you want to fire at me again?" asked the conjurer.

Of course the Crow braves did, they would fire at him all day with pleasure.

"Well, where are the pistols?"

It was incredible, but they had vanished, by the simplest of all juggling tricks, too, the palming away of objects, but to these Indians it was incomprehensible.

"You see!" said Zanoni. "I have swallowed them."

"Swallowed them?" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astonished companions.

"Yes," do you want them?"

The Indian nodded.

Whereupon Zanoni opened his mouth, and rolling back his eyes inserted his fingers and to all appearance drew a pistol from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third and a fourth, until he had drawn all seven pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment; and it may be added that his own party felt no less astonishment. They could not account for it; they were indeed as much amazed as the Indians themselves, for it had never fallen to their lot to attend seances of natural magic. After this Zanoni calmly drew forth a number of cartridges and finally a carbine.

"I am a Powow," he said, solemnly. "Do you want to shoot at me again?" The Indians shrank back in horror. Zanoni tossed the pistols, cartridges and carbines over to the white men in the intrenchment and smiled benignly upon the astonished savages. He then shook his hand in an offhand, incidental manner, and a knife dropped from it, another followed and another. He shook several more from his left hand and a dozen from his eyes, ears and nose. "Perhaps you'd like something to dr'nk," he said, smiling to the Crow who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously. "Brandy, rum, gin, whisky, ale, porter, beer, wine or cider?"

The Indian brightend up and spoke to his fellow. "W'isk," he grunted. They all preferred whisky.

PLENTY OF FIRE WATER.

Zanoni asked him to lend him the blanket he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully and handed it to him reluctantly.

Zanoni shook it. It seemed to be worth shaking, for a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a tin cup fell out. He shook it a third time; more tin cups fell out. He shook it once again, and it produced a corkscrew.

"Will you have it straight or with water?" asked the conjurer, as he proceeded to draw the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't it god whisky?" asked Zanoni, as he poured out a portion in a cup. The Indian smelt it suspiciously, then he tasted it. The taste was satisfactory, very satisfactory. He drank it off, smacked his lips, looked around triumphantly at his companions, and then held his tin cup for more. At this the other Indians, encouraged by the experiment, clamored for some. Zanoni poured them portions from his bottle. He seemed quite willing to pour. Each one drank, and wanted more; they had more. Nor was he forgetful of the duties of hospitality. He went to the Indians who were holding the horses and offered them whisky. The smell was too inviting to be resisted. They drank and wanted more. But this time Zanoni shook his head. "Not now," he said to the interpreter; "I'll give you a bottle apiece to carry back with you, and going up to the blanket, he shook out a dozen bottles like the last, but holding them with their open mouths downward not a drop fell to the ground. Then, as if, were it possible to increase their astonishment, he took up the first bottle he had shaken from the blanket, and which had to all appearance already supplied much more than its natural contents, and began to fill the dozen new ones from it. The least impressionable of the savages might well be amazed at this display of the inexhaustible bottle and an ever flowing fountain of whisky. "Before I give you any more, he said, let me show you it is real firewater." He poured some from his bottle into a tin cup, and immediately a great flame of fire started up from the liquor. The Indians were thoroughly bewildered and frightened.

TOO MUCH FOR THE RED MEN.

"Here," he said, "taste and see that it is real firewater."

He advanced toward them. "You shall drink it," he said. They recoiled.

He walked up nearer.

Flames of fire seemed to issue from his mouth. They turned and ran toward their horses.

"I will set on fire what you have already drank," he cried. "It shall burn inside of you."

The Indian is like all savages, perhaps it may be said like all human beings, superstitious. These men saw in Zanoni a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power he chose. They sprang upon their ponies, and away they went, urging their steeds to the top of their speed; but, fast as they went, a swift meteor of fire preceded them, and suddenly burst, with an incandescent visible in its excessive brightness even in the daylight, burst into a shower of innumerable fiery serpents. These rushed, hissing, down upon the heads of the terrified crew, who lashed their ponies to a still madder gallop, and disappeared. Zanoni came back into the inclosure. "Gather up those bottles and the rest of the skyrockets," he said. "Tackle up the cattle, and let's be off."

Instantly the men of his party arose and obeyed. The train traveled all that day, and camped the night after unmolested.

Nothing more was seen of the Indians. "They won't dare to pursue us," said Zanoni, confidently. "They will have a story to tell their tribe that will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year to come."

The conjurer was right. Not only did they not pursue us, but all the remainder of that year and the next no travelers on that route were molested.

Sleight of hand and superstition.

THE OLD PIANO.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

It is slim and trim and spare,
Like the slender Lady Claire
In the gowns they used to wear
Long ago;
And it stands there in the gloom
Of the gabled attic room,
Like a ghost whose vacant tomb
None may know.

I can see the lady's hands,
White as lilies, as she stands
Strumming fragments of Durand's
On the keys;
And I hear the thin, sweet strain
Of the Plymouth hymns again,
Like the sob of windless rain,
In the trees.

She would play the minuet
For the stately stepping set,
While the ardent dancers met,
Hands and hearts;
Did the old-time spinet care
If Don Cupid, unaware,
Picked the breasts of brave and fair
With his darts?

Now the spiders with their floss
Up and down the keyboard cross,
And the strings are dull as dross,
Once so bright;
No one cares to touch the keys—
Stained old yellow ivories—
Save the ghost, some dreamer sees
In the night.

Character in the Hair.

Character may be told by the texture and color of the hair. Thus, men with fine, light hair are said to be conceited, and if they do not marry until late in life are apt to grow cross and selfish. Men with fine brown hair, light or dark, are quick and thoughtful and are less apt to be selfish than those with light or very dark hair. Men whose hair turns gray early in life are a little nervous, but are intelligent, sympathetic, and most honorable. Red hair is a sign of keen intelligence. With women, pale blonde hair is a sign of an impulsive, loving but fickle nature; on the other hand, those with dark hair are loyal, are full of sentiment and easily affected. Women who have fine black hair are highly-strung, but those with coarse dark hair are very often small-spirited and near. Dark hair may be taken as a sign of the possession of stronger feelings than light hair, and dark-haired women as a rule are much more loyal than those whose hair is of a light color.

He Knew What Webster Said.

A New England farmer, in trying to repeat Webster's dying words, "I still live," gave an amusing rendering of the spirit, if not the exact letter of the phrase, says the Green Bag. A gentleman had remarked to him, "Life is very uncertain." "Ah, yes," replied the farmer, "that's true, every word of it, and, by the way, captain, that makes me think of what one of your big Massachusetts men said when he died a spell ago."

"Who was it?" inquired the captain.

"Well, I don't jist call his name now, but at any rate he was a big politician, and lived near Boston somewhere. My newspaper said that when he died the Boston folks put his image in their windows and had a funeral for a whole day."

"Perhaps it was Webster," suggested the captain.

"Yes, that's the name! Webster, General Webster. Strange I could not think on it afore. But he got off a good thing just before he died. He ris up in bed and, says he, 'I ain't dead yet!'"

The trouble with some girls is that they are only giddy when they think they are gay.

Dandruff is Dangerous

When dandruff appears it is usually regarded as an annoyance. It should be regarded as a disease. Its presence indicates an unhealthy condition of the scalp, which, if neglected, leads to baldness. Dandruff should be cured at once. The most effective means for the cure is found in AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It promotes the growth of the hair, restores it when gray or faded to its original color, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"For more than eight years I was greatly troubled with dandruff, and though a young man, my hair was fast turning gray and falling out. Baldness seemed inevitable until I began to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor

The dandruff has been entirely removed and my hair is now soft, smooth and glossy and fast regaining its original color." —L. T. VALLE, Allenton, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

A good reputation is sometimes useful as a parachute to the man who rises rapidly in the world.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

"GAINED 11 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS."

Said Hon. W. W. Kinlock, editorially in his paper, Christian County Republican, Ozark, Mo.: "I took two boxes NO-TO-BAC a year ago, it destroyed desire for tobacco, and I gained 11 pounds in 15 days. This is not a paid notice, but our experience given in hopes many other poor tobacco slaves may take NO-TO-BAC and be freed." A natural easy way to quit tobacco-using. Take

NO-TO-BAC.

We tell the truth about NO-TO-BAC, for if it fails to cure, you get your money back. Just try a single box. It will work wonders; make you happy in more ways than one. No excuse because of lack of faith, for you can buy under your own

DRUGGIST'S GUARANTEE.

Every druggist is authorized to sell No-To-Bac under absolute guarantee to cure every form of tobacco using. Our written guarantee, free sample of No-To-Bac and booklet called, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," mailed for the asking. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Only 10c.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RUBBER STAMPS, 10c line; 2 lines, pad, ink, pen and pencil [illegible] Washington C. H., Ohio
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER the best, 3 months for 10c THE PILOT, B. Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

987 Tricks, Games, Puzzles, Laughing Camera, [illegible]
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SOBER-UP Quick, Certain, Safe, Quiet. Sent sealed for one dollar. Full supply. Write Boston Sober-Up Co., Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CANCER CURED at HOME No Pain. Book Mailed FREE. MASON CO., 557 B, Fifth Ave., N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DYSPEPSIA HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, Gastritis and all Stomach Disorders instantly relieved and cured. Mailed free. Address J. H. Reeves, Box 685, New York, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SYRINGE FOR LADIES. Wonderful invention; invaluable. Sent prepaid on receipt of price, pints $1.50, quarts $3.00. Booklet free. [illegible] Powder Co., St. Louis, Mo. Sample of powder free.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GREAT KLONDIKE GAME! Just out. Big value premium budget. Webman's latest Songster, a valuable receipts, postpaid 10c. Garden City Novelty Co., 351 West Erie St., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HANDSOME MUSTACH or LOVELY HAIR [illegible]
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

LADIES Mail 2c. stamp for sealed instructions how to enlarge your bust five inches, by using "EMMA" BUST DEVELOPER. Guaranteed. 24 page illustrated catalogue for 6 cents. Address EMMA TOILET BAZAR, 30 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

INCUBATORS ON TRIAL. Buy no Incubator and pay for it before giving it a trial. [illegible] Poultry, Incubators and the money there is in the business [illegible] Better send for it. VON CULIN INCUBATOR CO. 7 Clinton St. Delaware City, Del.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ELASTIC TRUSS Rupture... Cured! [illegible] House Mfg. Co., 744 Broadway, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BRASS BAND Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, mailed free; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 25 Adams St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE [illegible] GREAT OFFER. Address HOUSEHOLD GEM, Station E, CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SIDE LINE FOR TRAVELING MEN
$2.00 Per Town for Traveling Men to APPOINT AGENTS
No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. [illegible] J. F. HOWINS, 124 5th Av., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND GET A PRIZE.

FIND THE WIFE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Address BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$100,000 DIAMOND ROBBERY; OR, The Great Beacon Street Mystery.

By SCOTT CAMPBELL.

SYNOPSIS.

On her bridal eve Amy Lyons, a beautiful Boston heiress, mysteriously disappears. It is simultaneously discovered that $100,000 worth of diamonds and wedding presents are missing. The only clue is the imprint of a gigantic hand on the window sill. Detectives despair of a solution. Chief Hawkins, who was then winning a national reputation, is suddenly summoned. Formerly he had been employed by the Lyons, believing that she was wrongly accused. Hawkins, who was then winning a national reputation, is suddenly summoned. Formerly he had been employed by the Lyons, believing that she was wrongly accused of complicity in the abduction of her daughter.

CHAPTER XI.

CURIO.

In order to invest the bare record of facts with a thing of romance, it has been deemed advisable to first present the hero of fury, much as it presented itself to inspector Hawkins when he entered the room in search of certain mysterious effects.

Now, however, it is upon some of these scenes that we must wholly depend for our recitation.

At about 8 o'clock in the evening of the day previous to that dated for the marriage of Chauncey Pierce and Amy Lyons a middle-aged woman—over the forms of whose shoulders a shawl was thrown—arrived at one of the most exclusive districts of Bowe Cambridge, and entered the solitary habitation which she had often trodden.

The house itself corresponded well with the locality. It was an ancient structure of wood, as well as brick in the rear, that had withstood with more than ordinary success the ravages of time, and now presented something of the weatherworn and dilapidated aspect of years. Once it may have been a handsome residence. Now, however, it was fronted by the blank fronting of a great laundry, the only narrow place giving access to it terminated, principally at the low back of the house, in which the lacking was a succession of broken and dilapidated fences, outhouses, &c., similar in arrangement.

The man who that night entered this habitation by the rear fastened with the gloomy place, and pausing at the door to feel for the key and to exhale the last great cut the light snow which had fallen upon his face was a person of height and not powerful figure, dressed like one of the laboring class.

Pausing upon the scene, the man cast a smoky lamp in the narrow, unexpected entry revealed him to be a man of the type of dark complexion, with heavy brows and thick, coarse dark hair. His face, close shaven, its settled lines scowling an habitually stern or sullen disposition, and which would have been fairly prepossessing but for the expression of depravity with which it covered.

Striding heavily through the narrow hall beneath the rear of the house, he entered an ill-kept kitchen in which there was a cooking stove, a table, several chairs, and other articles of furniture, but which was evidently not used except as a sleeping room, for it contained a bed.

It could not have been that of a boy, yet it did not look like that of a man. A huge head, covered with a long growth of yellow, sunburnt hair, a great round face, red and bloated, with a pair of small, fierce eyes and a short, thick neck, were the features of a boy, while the large and gigantic proportions of body, with a pair of brawny legs and feet corresponding in abnormal size to the rest, showed that what this was the figure which met the gaze of the man was that of a man.

It was not another instance of contrast-ogre-tion that the man of cheap, dark clothes, Hugh Sidney, had been nicknamed Cupid.

Immediately upon entering, the newcomer bestowed upon the sleeper a sharp kick, causing the latter to turn, raising his head.

"Wake up, fool! Wake up, lazy! It is because of you, you worthless lout, that I am here. You promised me that I should have a sleeping again, and with your ugly body and your dull, stupid, drunken head you have made me like a demon in an oven. Wake up, I say!"

Bestowed upon a less pathetic individual, the kick might have produced more than a flinch; but upon the dwarf it had an entirely opposite effect. Instantly he was on his feet, and biting like a wolf at the cheap cigarette that was nothing short of a monstrous cheroot in his mouth.

"The devil—oh, ho! it is you, Mr. Pearce!"

"Yes, it is I."

"Name of a name, ha! there's mighty little difference 'twixt you and the devil, that's what I say."

"Curse you, which of the two is the devil?" growled Mr. Pearce, with evident irritation, as he threw himself wearily into a chair. "I want to know what you have done with the girl, and I want to know it at once."

"Ha, ha, ha! but you're mad, my friend, the dwarf, instead of becoming his seat on the chair arm.

"Are you mad is ready?"

"Yes."

"Will there be any difficulty in getting the girl away?"

"No; she's fight."

"Not afraid of ice, I mean?"

"None at all. The river is clear close up to the boat house, and I've broken the ice from about the doors."

"Is the boat in good dry?"

"Yes."

"And there is no liability of her being recognized if seen in the darkness?"

"None at all."

"Is there an ax and a pruned shears?"

"Yes," nodded the dwarf with energy; "what my word for it, all is ready just as you commanded."

"Your words, Cupid, is quite reliable, after all," returned Mr. Pearce, with rather more affability than he had yet shown, as for his side fell upon the dwarf. "I think the old woman to bed so early?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, she ain't even awake."

"She looks well enough, and eats enough for two, say nothing of drinking," remarked Mr. Pearce, with a grim laugh, "but must set full no tomorrow night."

"No fear of her, Gus. She'll go there if she has to crawl."

"I guess she will save no work has come from Olga since noon?"

"Sure? Haven't I been here every minute?"

"It seems strange, for she surely would have sent me word were she not coming. Yet it's now half-past eight and she's not terrific as his ax—"

"There she is now," interrupted the grim-faced dwarf, as a distant sound struck upon his quick ear having escaped the ear of

a footfall on the creaky stoop beyond the door. "Since she comes at last, that I'll go and let her in."

He had sprung down to the floor while speaking and would at once have darted into the adjoining entry, but Mr. Pearce, leaping up with strange abruptness, seized him by the arm, and, pulling him back, held him back with the words:

"You'll let no one in when I am here, till I am sure who the one may be," he said sternly, under his breath. "Wait here till I have had a look from the front window. I have learned by experience to mistrust my own friends, and above all others, I never trust a woman farther than I can see her."

He raised the last early words and subtly making his way into a gloomy front room, he peered cautiously through the window into the night darkness without. A figure seemed to reassure him. He drew off his brief caution, here evidently was the one expected, and he turned to the outer door, but there it opened.

A woman who had been waiting impatiently on the stoop now stepped quickly into the hall. It was the woman who was described in search warrants as the author of the following night; the woman whose name was afterward found to be Olga Hedrick, and whose personal appearance Chief Malcolm, the Cluse second, identified as the woman called Ida Hedrick.

CHAPTER XII.

"Do you've arrived at last, have you?" grimly remarked Mr. Pearce, surveying her from head to foot with a severe, critical look.

Evidently the unsatisfied suspicion of her employer was unfelt by the woman entering the door, and shaking the light snow from her cloak, she answered in tones which were not in tone imbued with bitterness and sullenness.

"Did much danger of that."

"Why not?"

"I was unavoidably delayed."

"It does not matter, so long as you are here. Come into the front room; it's warmer there."

"Who is out there?"

"No one but Cupid."

"Then I don't want to see—I mean, I don't want to see him," corrected the interrupted Pregne, half inaudibly.

"Afraid of him?" sneered Mr. Pearce, and chuckle. Olga Hedrick drew back, re-sentfully.

"Send him away! I tell you I'll not have

HE RAISED THE BOTTLE AS IF TO HURL IT AT HIS HEAD.

the ugly toad in the same room with me!" she fiercely exclaimed, in German.

"Humph!" chuckled Pregne, a little nervously, "I believe I'll have to send him away."

"Indeed!" cut in the woman, with a sullen, half-defiant look, "I certainly shall not remain if he is there. Refuse and I will call the business into question. I will return home at once!"

"Why, you foolish!" said Mr. Pearce, entering with a maledictive little laugh, "I was only jesting with you. I have not yielded yourself to my commands so long without knowing that you are to be trusted. It will be all right for you to remain alone."

The speaker, recalling with a sort of grim satisfaction, turned and strode down the passage-way, generally, and so into the parted the kitchen door.

"Cupid, you've not waited! Take yourself off instantly! I have only to whistle and you will hear me. Now, mind, not a word to the lady who is to come about the door. I've no mercy on eavesdroppers. Away with you!"

The dwarf evidently had expected this order, for he was already at the outer door as the closed, and with it under his arm he disappeared into the night, and the next instant the sound of a sudden gleeful in front of Olga Hedrick's face caused the latter to start back with a look of mingled consternation and malicious grimness, this clamored upon the face of the narrow entry, and essentially at the shock of think hair as he stood.

Once, when half way up the flight, he turned his head with a horrible grin and raised the bottle as if to hurl it at her head, but with a curse he continued on his way to the second floor.

That the woman was possessed of a superior will and self-possession was clearly revealed in her haughty contempt of him, and in the fact that, in face of the assurance she neither spoke nor moved nor took her fronting eyes from their steadfast gaze upon his repulsive face.

Then the dwarf disappeared in the darkness of the upper hall, and the woman threw open her cloak and, with a bitter light glowing in her malicious eyes, followed Mr. Pregne into the dismal kitchen.

Having done this, he soon had removed the lamp to the table and signed the woman to a seat near by. She did not speak, but, in gentle, but in desired to have her where she could see her face, and in which the light would fall upon it.

Seated of a power over her, to which in a way she was yielding voluntarily, and yet he was not sure in how far he might depend upon it.

"Well," said he, with a sort of grim fearlessness stained himself capable of, "it is three days since I saw you. Are there any new developments?"

"Yes, many developments. You are a fool, fastened, ruthlessly unfasten the window and entrance to the rear chamber.

"O, my God! Infamous—infamous!"

The dwarf's answer was breathing from head to foot with passion.

"That is not fair!" said Pregne, sternly, yet with great complacency. "That does not look well. You promised to remain at the door of that room, providing it to be erected on the outside, that is, the hall side, of the hole; and yet, will insert it in the opposite side, so that the door may be quickly closed and locked from within the room. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

The answer was given in little more than a whisper, but the eyes and the knave seemed sufficient to the woman's display of feeling.

"Having successfully accomplished these two very important tasks," he went on, "you will then proceed downstairs, and so conduct yourself that some few afternoon may be led to think you slightly ill—say of suffering from a headache, or some other trivial ailment."

"Yes, I understand" demanded the woman, with a sudden display of fearless calmness.

"Because of that is, in event of subsequent salutant, to give color to your later actions, and even, if you choose, to—"

"Later conduct—what conduct?"

"Why, to leave the house. As the time for the wedding draws near, I am not all of the guests will naturally repair to the residence of the bride's parents, and before I you will again glance into the rear chamber and see how the presents are there."

"Yes."

"If there are more than half a dozen you will not be able to tell the number in regard to the articles stolen. Indeed, you may not even more than five minutes, for you will be absent from before 9 o'clock, despite of numbers. How mark me?"

"Yes."

"When this much has been done you will return to your room, and, after waiting a reasonable time, you will ring for the necessary notice, yet you must not lose a moment's time. For upon your movements will depend mine."

"Yes, yes, I do it—do!" asked Miss Hedrick, with that same dreadful calmness, but with a look of intelligence which she evidently spread your handkerchief as to application as to the nature of the deadly.

"I, however, shall be in the yard without, and will signal you by a low whistle. Answer it with a short, sharp whistle, and I will enter by the rear window. So soon as it is secured by the rear window, you will run, you must fasten to be suddenly alarmed, and you will run in a state of succession of screams, and apparently with the greatest terror, to the front entrance. Your screams must be sufficiently loud to be heard by the servants in the front part of the house, and by the police if you know. Your further must as you will be in a state of terror, and must remain that their return will not naturally be suspected. Do you understand the design, and what I expect of you?"

"Yes, I understand," said the woman's lips with a passionless cry of defiance which she could not wholly conceal from his eyes.

Mr. Pregne, with a terrible expression covering his face, looked steadily into his chair.

"Do you refuse even to consider it?" echoed he, in a tone the cruel heartlessness of which made the woman shudder. "Do you see like a woman stung beyond hunger and endurance?"

"Yes, I see," she answered, in a voice exactly such word breaking from her lips—a voice which seemed to proceed from a mechanism entirely distinct from that which she naturally expressed. "I see that I am enough left to me, and that I am to be left at the cost of my soul! I will go no further! I will not do it! I will not be left to be murdered! I tell you I will take no active part in the crime! I will not be left to be murdered! I tell you I will take no active part in the crime! I will not be left to be murdered! I tell you I will take no active part in the crime

THE CHICAGO LEDGER.
26 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Wednesday
BY
W. D. BOYCE CO.
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 115, 117 Adams Street,
Chicago, Illinois.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year (in Advance) $1.00
One Copy ..... 5 cents
Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Express Money Order, Postal Note or Registered Letter, payable to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.
Do not send Stamps.
Subscriptions may be started at any time.
Back numbers can always be supplied.
Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second-class matter.

PROVED CIRCULATION
(TRADE MARK)
140,000
Average Copies Per Week
BACK NUMBERS.
Each number of the LEDGER can be had by addressing the Circulation Department, and inclosing 5 cents for each copy desired. Postage stamps will be received in place of money.
BEWARE OF STRANGERS.
The LEDGER employs no traveling agent to solicit subscriptions. Any person representing himself to be such is a fraud and an impostor. Subscriptions for THE LEDGER either in or out of Chicago, should be sent direct to the office of publication. Subscribers will confer a favor by reporting to the publishers any solicitor who may represent himself as connected with THE LEDGER, and who cannot show a receipt for money entrusted to his care.

"By Fate's Decree; or, Heiress to an Earldom," begins this week.

The author of Turkey spends more for his table than the average family, regardless of modern or ancient times—$1,000 daily.

Mrs. Sarah Poorman of Muncie, Ind., died this week at the ripe old age of 99. She set "down" her sixty years of age, were her pall-bearers.

In a noble French family a lack of white hair above the forehead has been inherited by each generation for upward of 400 years, there being but one in twenty-three individuals during that time.

There has just been presented to the Bishop of London a suite which is said to be the only one of its kind in the world. It is of burnished ivory, with gold orpheys. On the plaques or plates are written the words, "Holiness to the Lord," "Holiness to the Lord," in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English and French.

The latest New York fad among women is jewelled tattoo. Not mere initials. Instead, the most artistic designs in the Persian, gold shades, blue silhouettes to match silver or gold gowns, and so on. Even the eyes are tattooed in the most delicate shades, and the effect is said to be charming for dramatic spectators.

The Chicago Ledger is the greatest family paper in the world. Its columns are its scribe by the most famous writers of the day, written from the brightest, but its unobtrusive style of English and artistic arrangement of the work begins a splendid new story, by the late Rebecca Mrs. H. Harris Jones.

Signora Crispi, wife of the Premier Italy, has received a letter from the Queen of Italy of appearing at outdoor festivities in Rome, because of the risk of exposing her head to a chilly, global coat of rotunda with princess, Crispi's wife will not. Other fashionable ladies have followed her example.

Once more Columbia prepares to lay her sacred wreath on the tomb of the Father of His Country. There is a vast difference between the ceremonial and real of independent states who paid the grave-yard visit. Washington's people a century ago, and the great nation of today, stretching from ocean to ocean, with its mighty powers, and marvelous commercial and social growth, is an instant to its occasion of progress, to look at that stern, calm face, and pay the name of Washington honor; but even as the American spirit of patriotism remembers the cannon of the nation's infancy, so also it keeps the memory green of those who stood for liberty and right, since the days of Lexington Green, to the day when old Liberty Bell rang out its news, and first of all in its love is the man, general, statesman, president, George Washington.

The funeral of the actor, Mr. William Terriss, who was killed by Lundin a few weeks ago, is said to be the largest that has occurred in years. Mr. Terriss was a man of great popularity, not only in the theatrical profession, but with theater-goers in general. Among the children of London he was a favorite, and the streets

From the

of the valley from a large globe of

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

While Jimmy was reading a story one night, To good little Oliver's smiling delight! She came upon something remarkably new;
That good little Oliver wondered to hear.
And this was the something she plaintively read:
"Jane Ann then determined to enter the shed;
And cautiously dropping her eyes on the floor,
Fell on the snake which had caught them before."
—H. Nicholas.

WASHINGTON AS A SPRINTER.

How George Won the Wife of Beauty, and Surrendered Her to Her Lover.

George Washington was a wonderful jumper. Thackeray in "The Virginians" gives him the magnificent record of 8 feet 3 inches for a running broad. Young Harry Warrington writing home from England a description of a jumping match in which he competed with Washington, says: "Then they made me jump with Mr. Washington, and they say that I did not do so badly, but I am sure that I am not worthy to be named in the same day with the heroes of his fellow countrymen, but I am sure that I am not ashamed to be defeated as well."

It is rather unfortunate that the details of this remarkable jump are not to be found, for it must have given him a record only two inches short of the world's record. Young Warrington's jump of 10 feet 6 inches in a pretty little village in Virginia there in 1751—the year before Washington's fame daughter was destined to be the wife of Lawrence Washington—would be the hundred Austin was eighteen years old. Even in this day of athletic sports and world's records, others nothing but have cut down Washington's record of 8 feet 3 inches, the encouraged none of them.

The young Virginian and his host were invited all the youth of the village to a dance that evening, and it was there that young Warrington made a dozen handsome bows to the "belles" of the village, and was introduced to the one to whom he was destined they had come to celebrate.

Mary Ball was a beautiful country lader. Her cheeks were filled with the fragrant health and all were ready to admit that the good Hebrew that had been spread under the name of Beauty.

Now you baby," said the old man after the honored was sometime over, "you have a wife to be the only one of his kind in the world. It is of burnished ivory, with gold orpheys. On the plaques or plates are written the words, "Holiness to the Lord," "Holiness to the Lord," in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, English and French.

"And all of them were in fair humor and eager to be entertained. Mary Ball was the belle of the ball, and George Washington was the hero of the occasion. He was in his element, and he was the center of attraction. He was the center of attraction. He was the center of attraction. He

Copyright 1898 by Stanley Waterloo.

["Simeon Dale" was begun in No. II. It by addressing the Chicago office. Price 10

SYNOPSIS.

Simon Dale, the teller of the story, falls in love with Barbara, daughter of the parish magistrate, Lord Quinton. He is found guilty of a duel with Lord Shannon, one of Charles' London favorites, and Quinton, who secretly admires Simon, pardons him. On Cybele's return to London he receives a commission in the King's household. He goes to London, discovers that Cybele is really Nell Gwyn, and decides to resign his commission because she mourned him. He becomes a favorite of the King's, Nell Gwyn's friend and is attached to his suite. Goes to Dover with the duke, where a response is given the king's sister, Duchess of Orleans. Louis, king of France, arrives at Dover. Secret conferences are held. He is very partial to Barbara and seems determined to win her by force if necessary. Simon is suddenly alarmed. Comes to Barbara's apartments and finds her in the room, with no other means of escaping for his rescue, but as he is hurling a second ewer he is interrupted by the entrance of the King Louis himself, who curtly dismisses Carleton and commands Simon to prepare for the journey at once. His preparations made, he sends to warn Barbara that the plan is going of their danger and to decline to go with the king. Barbara refuses to leave Dover without the king for Calais. At a moment when the king is breakfast in a dressing room he leaps overboard into the pilot's boat, but before they can push off Louis throws his cane and leaps into the boat. Dale overpowers him with Barbara rides some distance from the ship.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT BEFELL MY LAST GUINEA.

"In truth," said he with a smile that had not a trace of worriment, "I have given my means ill for this one time, though they say that I, myself, am well. Well, they call me well. Cuhe, Mr. Dale, for this hour you and I are one and I'll call you Simon for my sake," and he handed across to me a dagger with a broken cloth of gold scabbard with precious stones.

"Now, if you will, put my finger on the trigger."

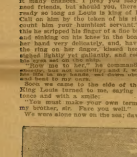
"Alas, I give you my word, though not its wonted, it is well, and I repeat that the weapon back is its place. "Alas, for a sad moment I've acted, for I've lost the heart of Mistress Barbara. Yet this he added, taking up the dirk, "I'll not relinquish it, for it is many times I have had my life and my good friends, but should you, there is one ready to aid you, and that is Nell Gwyn. Call on him by the token of his ring and assure him of abundant service." And with this he stripped his finger of a fine brilliant, and I, in turn, stripped mine of a ring that her hand very delicately, and having put the ring on her finger, kissed her hand, raised, fairly yet gallantly, and she smiled on me with her old sweetness.

"Now, sir," said he, in command tone, "you may surrender your sword, for I'm your prisoner, and shall go aboard with you."

Now we came to the side of the ship King Louis turned to me, saying in solemn and with a smile:

"You must make your own terms with my brother, sir. Here you may wait."

We were alone now on the sea; dawn was



I SLEPT PEACEFULLY AND WITHOUT A DREAM.

breaking and the sky cleared till the stars were dimly visible behind us. I pulled my hat round, and set her head for Somerset. Barbara sat in the stern, pale and still, stunned by the efforts and emotion of the night. The great peril and her great relief had left her senses rather than thankful. She had not spoken to me since I put her by with her head on my breast, and I, seated in the bow, was steering and rowing. Out of Monmouth (coming), till she could touch her father I was her only help, and I dared not show my face in Dover. But these thoughts were for myself, not for her, and seeking to cheer her, I least forward and said:

"Courage, Mistress Barbara." And I added again, "At least we shan't be mocked, you and I, in Calais."

She started a little, flushed a little, and answered gratefully:

"Shall you go to Dover?" she asked, seeming to pay no heed to what I had been saying. "For won't have me till we have my father safe."

"Yes, sir," said I. "It is your pleasure to look him."

"As speedily as we can," she murmured. "Here in London, even the king won't dare to touch me when I'm with him."

"In London then," I said. "Can you make out the coast?"

There's a little bay just ahead where the cliff breaks; and I see Dover castle away to the left hand.

"We'll make for the bay," said I, "and then send a boat to the castle for your father."

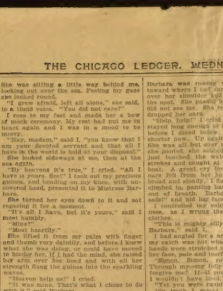
Then as I spoke a sudden thought struck me. I laid down my oars and sought my purse. Barbara was not looking at me, but leaned in dreamy fashion toward where the castle rode on the cliff. I sought the purse, it had a single guinea; the rest of Louis's gold I had given to Barbara's boy who rowed me.

Perhaps she observed misery. Well, then, I must ask for it. I held out my guinea in my hand.

"It's all I have," said I. "King Louis has the rest."

She gave a little cry of dismay. "I hadn't thought of money," she cried.

"I must beg of you."



Jonah Wall lay at it across the entrance.

knaves a thing to be here entirely, she'll think I've come for my own ends and not for her and yours's philosophy. I turned my head and looked at her, and she was looking at me, but her mistress' eye by inside the purse, not down to high dudgeon. Barbara's cheeks were red as Cupid's bow, and her guinea had been swallowed by the waves. I took the end of the purse and held out my guinea.

The afternoon came, grew to its height, and waned as I lay there, but no sail appeared. I was hungry, and I knew that she must be, and was sure that my anxiety at my morning, and lying-down. The only way that I could think of to help her was to go ashore, in spite the slave of Phineas Jones, whose hospitality I sought him in this pinch.

I had said had in me swift barege and determination, but the two dines had been dispelled by sundry anxieties, and I was now in a state of collapse. Was it a time for me that he had plotted on his life, and he had spared mine? Well, that was the world. Cuhe, Mr. Dale, for this hour you and I are one and I'll call you Simon for my sake," and he handed across to me a dagger with a broken cloth of gold scabbard with precious stones.

"Now, if you will, put my finger on the trigger."

"Alas, I give you my word, though not its wonted, it is well, and I repeat that the weapon back is its place. "Alas, for a sad moment I've acted, for I've lost the heart of Mistress Barbara. Yet this he added, taking up the dirk, "I'll not relinquish it, for it is many times I have had my life and my good friends, but should you, there is one ready to aid you, and that is Nell Gwyn. Call on him by the token of his ring and assure him of abundant service." And with this he stripped his finger of a fine brilliant, and I, in turn, stripped mine of a ring that her hand very delicately, and having put the ring on her finger, kissed her hand, raised, fairly yet gallantly, and she smiled on me with her old sweetness.

"Now, sir," said he, in command tone, "you may surrender your sword, for I'm your prisoner, and shall go aboard with you."

Now we came to the side of the ship King Louis turned to me, saying in solemn and with a smile:

"You must make your own terms with my brother, sir. Here you may wait."

We were alone now on the sea; dawn was

I SLEPT PEACEFULLY AND WITHOUT A DREAM.

breaking and the sky cleared till the stars were dimly visible behind us. I pulled my hat round, and set her head for Somerset. Barbara sat in the stern, pale and still, stunned by the efforts and emotion of the night. The great peril and her great relief had left her senses rather than thankful. She had not spoken to me since I put her by with her head on my breast, and I, seated in the bow, was steering and rowing. Out of Monmouth (coming), till she could touch her father I was her only help, and I dared not show my face in Dover. But these thoughts were for myself, not for her, and seeking to cheer her, I least forward and said:

"Courage, Mistress Barbara." And I added again, "At least we shan't be mocked, you and I, in Calais."

She started a little, flushed a little, and answered gratefully:

"Shall you go to Dover?" she asked, seeming to pay no heed to what I had been saying. "For won't have me till we have my father safe."

"Yes, sir," said I. "It is your pleasure to look him."

"As speedily as we can," she murmured. "Here in London, even the king won't dare to touch me when I'm with him."

"In London then," said I. "Can you make out the coast?"

There's a little bay just ahead where the cliff breaks; and I see Dover castle away to the left hand.

"We'll make for the bay," said I, "and then send a boat to the castle for your father."

Then as I spoke a sudden thought struck me. I laid down my oars and sought my purse. Barbara was not looking at me, but leaned in dreamy fashion toward where the castle rode on the cliff. I sought the purse, it had a single guinea; the rest of Louis's gold I had given to Barbara's boy who rowed me.

Perhaps she observed misery. Well, then, I must ask for it. I held out my guinea in my hand.

"It's all I have," said I. "King Louis has the rest."

She gave a little cry of dismay. "I hadn't thought of money," she cried.

"I must beg of you."

Jonah Wall lay at it across the entrance.

knaves a thing to be here entirely, she'll think I've come for my own ends and not for her and yours's philosophy. I turned my head and looked at her, and she was looking at me, but her mistress' eye by inside the purse, not down to high dudgeon. Barbara's cheeks were red as Cupid's bow, and her guinea had been swallowed by the waves. I took the end of the purse and held out my guinea.

The afternoon came, grew to its height, and waned as I lay there, but no sail appeared. I was hungry, and I knew that she must be, and was sure that my anxiety at my morning, and lying-down. The only way that I could think of to help her was to go ashore, in spite the slave of Phineas Jones, whose hospitality I sought him in this pinch.

I had said had in me swift barege and determination, but the two dines had been dispelled by sundry anxieties, and I was now in a state of collapse. Was it a time for me that he had plotted on his life, and he had spared mine? Well, that was the world. Cuhe, Mr. Dale, for this hour you and I are one and I'll call you Simon for my sake," and he handed across to me a dagger with a broken cloth of gold scabbard with precious stones.

"Now, if you will, put my finger on the trigger."

"Alas, I give you my word, though not its wonted, it is well, and I repeat that the weapon back is its place. "Alas, for a sad moment I've acted, for I've lost the heart of Mistress Barbara. Yet this he added, taking up the dirk, "I'll not relinquish it, for it is many times I have had my life and my good friends, but should you, there is one ready to aid you, and that is Nell Gwyn. Call on him by the token of his ring and assure him of abundant service." And with this he stripped his finger of a fine brilliant, and I, in turn, stripped mine of a ring that her hand very delicately, and having put the ring on her finger, kissed her hand, raised, fairly yet gallantly, and she smiled on me with her old sweetness.

"Now, sir," said he, in command tone, "you may surrender your sword, for I'm your prisoner, and shall go aboard with you."

Now we came to the side of the ship King Louis turned to me, saying in solemn and with a smile:

"You must make your own terms with my brother, sir. Here you may wait."

We were alone now on the sea; dawn was

SIMON DALE.

Continued from Page Five.

"You ride today, also?" she asked.

The sting that had tormented me was still alive, I could not deny myself the pleasure of a retort so apt. I bowed low and deferentially, saying, "I have learnt my station. I would not be so forward as to sit in the coach with you." The flush on her cheeks deepened suddenly, she stretched out her hand a little way toward me and her lips parted as though she were about to speak. But her hand fell again, and her lips shut on unuttered words.

"As you will," she said, coldly. "Pray, bid them set out."

Of our journey, I will say no more. There is nothing in it that I take pleasure in telling and to write its history were to accuse either Barbara or myself. For days we traveled together, she in her coach, I on horseback, come to London we were told that my lord was at Hatchstead; having dispatched our borrowed equipage and servants to their mistress, and with them the amount of my debt and a most grateful message, we proceeded on our way, Barbara in a chaise, I again riding. Thus we came to Hatchstead, better strangers than ever we had left Dover, and, although safe and sound from bodily perils and those wiles of princes that had of late so threatened our tranquillity, yet both of us as ill in temper as could be conceived. The chaise stopped at the Manor gates, and I rode up to the door of it, cap in hand. Here was to be our parting.

"I thank you heartily, sir," said Barbara in a low voice, with a bow of her head and a quick glance that would not dwell on my sullen face.

"My happiness has been to serve you, madame," I returned. "I grieve only that my escort has been so irksome to you."

"No," said Barbara, and she said no more, but rolled up the avenue in her coach, leaving me to find my way alone to my mother's house.

I sat there a few moments on my horse watching her go. Then with an oath I turned away. The sight of the gardener's cottage sent my thoughts whirling back to the old days when Cydaria came and caught my heart in her butterfly net.

"I'm heartily glad to be here," I cried, kissing the vicar's hand and flinging myself into the high arm chair in the chimney corner.

My mother received this exclamation as a tribute of filial affection, the vicar treated it as an evidence of friendship, my sister Mary saw in it a thanksgiving for deliverance from the perils and temptations of London and the court.

"I am mighty curious to learn, Simon," said the vicar, drawing his chair near mine, and laying his hand upon my knee, "what passed at Dover. For it seems to me that there, if at any place in the world, the prophecy which Betty Nasroth spoke concerning you——"

"In good time, in good time," I cried. "But tell me, first, when did my lord come here from London?"

"Why, a week ago; my lady was sick and the physician prescribed the air of the country for her. But my lord stayed four days only and then was gone again."

I started and sat upright in my seat.

"What, isn't he here now?" I asked, eagerly.

"Why, Simon," said my good mother, with a laugh, "we looked to get news from you, and now we have news to give you. The king has sent for my lord; I saw his message. So he set out two days ago to join the king with a great train of servants, leaving behind my lady, who was too sick to travel."

I was surprised at these tidings and fell into deep consideration. What need had the king of my lord's counsel, and so suddenly?

My mother approached somewhat timidly.

"You are come to stay with us, Simon?" she asked.

"For the term of my life, so far as I know, madame," said I.

"Thanks to God," she murmured softly. ... and I were alone now, and I ... humor him by telling what ... No comment did he make, but ... my tale done, ... "Here, Nell?" asked ... her."

"Why, no," I answered, mustering a cool smile. Folly such as that goes by with youth.

"Your age is 24?"

"Yes, I am 24."

"And you love her no longer?"

"I tell you no longer, sir."

The vicar opened his box and took a large pinch.

"Then," said he, the pinch being between his finger and thumb and just half-way on the road to his nose," you love some other woman, Simon."

"I don't," I cried, indignantly. Had I told myself a hundred times that I was not in love to be told by another that I was? True, I might have been in love, had not——"

"Ah, who goes there?" exclaimed the vicar, springing nimbly to the window, and looking out with eagerness. "I seem to know the gentleman. Come, Simon, look."

I obeyed him. A gentleman, attended by two servants, rode rapidly past; twilight had begun to fall, but the light served well enough to show me who the stranger was. He rode hard, and his horse's head was toward the manor gates.

"I think it is my Lord Carford," said the vicar. "He goes to the manor, as I think."

"I think it is, and I think he does," says I; and for a single moment I stood there in the middle of the room hesitating, wavering, miserable.

"What ails you, Simon? Why shouldn't my Lord Carford go to the manor?" cried the vicar.

"Let him go to the devil," I cried, and I seized my hat from the table where it lay. The vicar turned to me with a smile on his lips.

"Go, lad," said he, "and let me not hear you again deny my propositions. They are founded on an extensive observation of humanity and——"

Well, I know not to this day on what besides. For I was out of the house before the vicar completed his statement of the authority that underlay his propositions.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STRANGE MEETING OF TWO GENTLEMEN.

It is easy to follow a man to the door of a house, but if the door be shut after him and the pursuer not invited to enter, he can but stay outside. So it fell out with me, and being outside I did not know what passed within nor how my Lord Carford fared with Mistress Barbara. I flung myself in high chagrin on the grass of the manor park, cursing my fate, myself, and, if not Barbara, yet that perversity which was in all women and by logic even in Mistress Barbara. Yet although I had no part in it the play went on and how it proceeded I learned afterwards; let me now leave the stage that I have held too long and pass out of sight till my cue calls me again.

This evening then, my lady, who was very sick, being in her bed and Mistress Barbara although not sick very weary of her solitude and longing for the time when she could betake herself to the same refuge (for there is a pride that forbids us to seek bed too early, however strongly we desire it) there came a great knocking at the door of the house. A gentleman on horseback and accompanied by two servants was without and craved immediate audience of her ladyship. Hearing that she was abed he asked for Mistress Barbara and obtained entrance; yet he would not give his name, but declared that he came on urgent business from Lord Quinton. The excuse served and Barbara received him. With surprise she found Carford bowing low before her.

"What is your message from my father, my lord?" she asked, coldly, yet not uncivilly.

"Madame, I have none," he answered, with a bluntness not ill calculated. "I used the excuse to gain admission, fearing that my own devotion to you would not suffice, well as you know it. But although I have no message, I think that you will have one soon. Nay, you must listen." For she had risen.

"I listen, my lord, but I will listen standing."

"You're hard to me, Mistress Barbara," he said. "But take the things how you will; only pay heed to them." He drew nearer to her and continued: "Tomorrow a *message will come from your father. It will bid your mother and you accompany the messenger——"*

"My mother is too sick to travel."

"Or if your mother cannot, you alone, with some waiting woman, to Dover."

"To Dover?" cried Barbara. "For what purpose?" She shrank from him, as though alarmed by the very name of the place whence she had escaped.

He looked full in her face, and answered slowly and significantly:

"Madame goes back to France, and you are to go with her."

Barbara caught at a chair near her and sank into it. He stood over her now, speaking quickly and urgently.

"You must listen," he said, "and lose no time in acting. A French gentleman, by name, M. de Fontelles, will be here tomorrow; he carries your father's letter, and is sent to bring you back to Dover."

"My father bids me come?" she cried.

"His letter will convey the request," answered Carford.

"Then I will go," said she. "I can't come to harm with him, and when I have told him all, he won't suffer me to go to France." For as yet my lord did not know of what had befallen his daughter, nor did my lady, whose sickness made her unfit to be burdened with such troublesome matters.

"Indeed, you would come to no harm with your father, if you found your father," said Carford. "Come, I will tell you. Before you reach Dover, my lord will have gone from there. As soon as his letter to you was sent the king made a pretext to dispatch him into Cornwall; he wrote again to tell you of his journey and bid you not come to Dover till he sends for you. This letter he entrusted to a messenger of my Lord Arlington's, who was taking the road for London. But the secretary's messenger knew when to hasten and when to loiter on the way. You are to have set out before the letter arrives."

Barbara looked at him in bewilderment and terror; he was, to all seeming, composed, and spoke with an air of honest sincerity.

"To speak plainly, it is a trick," he said, "to induce you to return to Dover. This M. de Fontelles has orders to bring you at all hazards, and is armed with the king's authority, in case my lord's bidding should not be enough."

She sat for awhile in helpless dismay.

"When do you say that M. de Fontelles will be here?" she asked, at last.

"Late tonight or early tomorrow. He rested a few hours in London, while I rode through, else I shouldn't have been here before him."

"And why are you come, my lord?" she asked.

"To serve you, madame," he answered, simply.

"You were not so ready to serve me at Dover."

"By heaven," he cried, "let us lose no time on past troubles. I was to blame, if you will, in execution, though not, I swear in intention. But here and now is the danger, and I am come to guard you from it."

"Then I am much in your debt, my lord," said she, still doubtful, yet in her trouble eager to believe him honest.

"Nay," said he, "all that I have, madame, is yours, and you can be in debt to your slave."

"You may accept my service freely, although you do not accept my love. Mistress Barbara, you'll come with me?"

"Come with you!" she cried. "It is impossible."

He came a step nearer.

"Fontelles will be here tomorrow," he said. "If you are here then. Yet if there be any other whose aid you could seek—" Again he paused, regarding her intently.

"What will you do?" he went on.

"Alas, what can I do?" Then she cried: "This M. Fontelles can't carry me off against my will."

"He has the king's commands," said Carford. "Who will resist him?"

She sprang to her feet and turned on him quickly.

"Why, you," she said. "Alone with you I cannot and will not go. But you are my—you are ready to serve me. You will resist M. de Fontelles for my sake, aye, and for my sake the king's commands."

Carford stood still, amazed at the sudden change in her manner. He had not conceived this demand, and it suited him very ill. To meet and defy the enemy, face to face, was to stake all his fortune on a desperate chance. He was dumb. Barbara's lips curved into a smile that expressed wonder and dawning contempt.

"You hesitate, sir?" she asked.

"The danger is great," he muttered.

"You spoke of discourtesy just now, my lord—"

"You do not lay it to my charge?"

"Nay, to refuse to face danger for a lady and a lady whom a man loves—you meant that, my lord—goes by another name. I forgive discourtesy sooner than that other thing, my lord."

"By God, madame," he cried, "you shall know by tomorrow how deeply you wrong me. If my head must answer for it, you shall have the proof."

"I thank you, my lord," said she, with a little bow, as though she asked no more than her due in demanding that he should risk his head for her. It grows late, my lord. By your kindness I shall sleep peacefully and without fear. Good night." She moved toward the door, but turned to him again, saying, "I pray your pardon, but even hospitality must give way to sickness. I cannot entertain you suitably while my mother lies abed. If you lodge at the inn, they will tend you well for my father's sake, and a message from me can reach you easily."

Thus she left him without so much as a backward glance to promise further favor. So may a lady, if she play her game well, take all and promise nothing.

Carford, refused even a lodging in the house, may well have sought the inn to which Barbara commended him in no cheerful mood. I wager he swore a round oath or two, as he and his servants made their way thither through the dusk and knocked up the host, who, keeping country hours, was already in his bed. It cost them some minutes to rouse him, and Carford beat most angrily on the door. At last they were admitted—and I turned away.

For I must confess it; I had doged their steps not able to rest till I saw what would become of Carford. The closed doors of the inn hid the party from my sight and I went on my way, determined to be about by cock-crow, lest Carford should steal a march. But as I went there came the sound of horse's hoofs. A moment later the figures of two mounted men emerged from the darkness. By some impulse, I know not what, I ran and sheltered myself from sight. Carford's arrival had set my mind astir again, and new events found ready welcome.

The horsemen had already turned their heads toward the inn, and walked along slowly, as though they were weary. I stood for an instant, watching the retreating forms. A spirit of high excitement came on me; it might be that all was not finished, and that Betty Nasroth's prophecy should not bind the future in fetters. For there at the inn was Carford, and here, if I did not err, was the man whom my knowledge of French had so perplexed in the inn at Canterbury.

I could not tell the meaning of this strange conjunction, whereby the two came to Hatchstead; yet my guess was not far out, and I hailed the prospect that it gave with a fierce exultation. Nay, I laughed aloud, but first knew that I laughed when suddenly M. de Fontelles turned in his saddle, crying in French to his servant:

"What was that?"

"Something laughed," answered the fellow in an alarmed voice.

"Something? You mean somebody."

"I know not; it sounded strange."

I had stepped in under the hedge when Fontelles turned, but his puzzle and the servant's superstitious fear wrought on my excitement. Nothing would serve me but to play a jest on the Frenchman. I laughed again loudly.

"God save us!" cried the servant, and I make no doubt he crossed himself most piously.

"It's some madman got loose," said M. de Fontelles, scornfully. "Come, let's get on."

It was a boy's trick—a very boy's trick. Save that I set down everything I would not tell it. I put my hands to my mouth and bellowed:

"Il vient!"

An oath broke from Fontelles. I darted into the middle of the road, and for a moment stood there, laughing again. He had wheeled his horse round, but did not advance toward me. I take it that he was amazed, or it may be, searching a bewildered memory.

"Il vient!" I cried again in my folly, and, turning, ran down the road at my best speed laughing still. Fontelles made no effort to follow me, yet on I ran, till I came to my mother's house. Stopping there, panting and breathing, I cried in the exuberance of triumph:

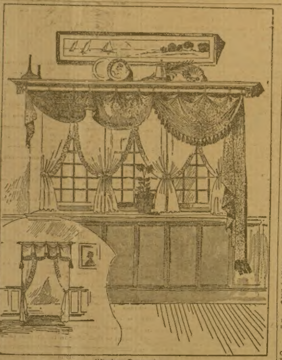
"Now she'll have need of me! They'll do very well together at the inn," I laughed as I flung myself on my bed.

(To be continued next week.)

CURTAINS FOR SPRING.

New and Inexpensive Styles for Windows—Oriental Net and Bead Draperies the Latest.

It is, perhaps, a sad fact, but none the less true, that if you would have your home windows display, to a passing world, that you are an artistic and modern housekeeper, all your summer curtains of last season must be cast aside. Almost every species of drapery put forth by the house decorators is an absolute novelty this season.



Window Draperies.

Of course, handsome lace window hangings, if they are genuine quality and in good repair, are forever in style, though it is no longer considered in quite nice taste to use lace curtains in summer. They are meant exclusively for winter and the city. For the hot weather and the country bead hangings, new tambour muslin, Dutch madras, French Louis XVI. lawn, Delhi net and Persian gauze, are all or any one entirely appropriate, if you have not made up your mind to drape windows in chintz or muslin to exactly match your new wall papers.

Of course if you don't care to carry out this plan in more than a room or two, there are the Delhi nets and new tambour muslins to fall back on for the other windows that may be crying out for fresh dresses. The net referred to is woven of an Indian grass in two tones of green, or gray, with a strand as large and a mesh almost as coarse as that employed in making Mexican grass hammocks. The vast difference is that Delhi net is exceedingly soft and, interwoven with the vegetable fiber, are bright silks or colored beads, to give brilliancy and show, when the material is stretched, that quaint oriental figures are formed by the introduction of color. At windows or doors the net must hang quite straight from small brass rings encircling a slender brass pole. At the bottom of every net curtain is finishing frill of grass, or silk fringe, or may be the big glass beads are strung along the lower edge, tinkling musically together whenever the drapery is disturbed. This mention of beads reminds me to assure the owners of country homes that for summer use the bead draperies are absolutely usurping every doorway, shutting out the ugly view of the fireplace and hang very close against the sashes of windows, to take the place of holland shades.

Decorators have come to employ them lavishly, first because a bead curtain is the coolest and cleanest of all hangings, they are not costly, they outlast any woven goods and as they are now manufactured are pretty beyond words. One of the most delightful possible effects to arrive at, in draping a back hall door, or a long French window, is to suspend there a portiere of blue beads. Pale blue up near the bottom, while across this azure background a flight of swifts of swallows wing their way. Such portiere is made of beads solidly, with no joints of bamboo introduced, and while it shuts out a view of the interior completely from a person outside the door or window, to one within it merely reveals the road, street or garden through a blue mist.

With few exceptions the bead curtains, so eagerly sought for, are not strung to imitate oriental designs, but display in blue and white the loveliest delft views, giant palm and fern leaves against a yellow background and white bead lilies amid a surrounding sky of greenery. At intervals during the summer soft cloth passed over the beads cleanses them thoroughly, while in many cases the beads are hung inside the window casing and muslin is draped over them. This is where linen shades are not in use.

Decorations, however, this season have rather given their whole allegiance to the theory and practice of draping windows in green. Green, they boldly assert is the one and only tone to use for hangings intended to shade one from the light, not only for reasons of beauty, but hygiene as well. Therefore we are having one of three things done, by persons who can afford to follow what old fashioned folk may call a fad. The lower sashes of nursery and bedroom windows are being glazed with green glass, or draped in green persian gauze, or having fixed to them carved Indian window screens of wood stained a shade of dull soft green.

But whether a window be green or not its pane curtains are very sure to be of persian gauze, a sheer silken material that must be made up perfectly plain, with a hem, and perhaps a narrow green ribbon border on every breadth. An oddity in window drapery, especially when the tambour muslin or madras is used, is the new portiere pole. It is neither a white enameled rod, with brass rings and big brass spear heads at either end, or of glass, with brass rings.

The glass poles are slender, have a greenish tinge of color, and, when a curtain is pushed back or drawn forward, they give out a very musical jingle. Some of the glass poles are finished with a tassel of little lusters, that also ring out every time the curtain is moved, while the majority show cut ball ends, or brass warrior heads for knobs.

FANNY ENDERS.

Carving Cherry Stones.

The cherry stone has been a favorite subject for the worker in miniature since Hadrianus Junius saw at Mechlin "a cherry stone cut into the form of a basket, in which were fourteen pairs of dice distinct, the spots and numbers of which were easily to be discerned with a good eye." A museum in Massachusetts has among its other possessions a cherry stone containing a dozen silver spoons. As the stone is of the ordinary size the spoons are so small that their shape can only be admired by the aid of a microscope. Other remarkable cherry stones are the ones carved all over with 124 heads, mostly of popes and potentates, and the one fashioned by a topmaker at Nuremberg, which contains a plan of Sevastopol, a railway station and the "Messiah" of Klopstock, is indeed multum in parvo.

A tiny vessel has been made of late years by an Italian jeweler who came into possession of a pearl that nature had caused to take upon itself the shape and contour of a boat. A sail of beaten gold studded with diamonds, a binnacle light of ruby and emerald, and a rudder of ivory complete the structure, which weighs less than an ounce all told. We recently saw it stated that the smallest steam engine in the world is one of an upright pattern, made of silver and gold and resting on a 25 cent gold piece. The diameter of the cylinder is one forty-eighth part of an inch; stroke, one thirty-second of an inch; weight, one-eighth of a grain; bore of cylinder, .3125 of a square inch. The engine can be worked by steam or compressed air, and—oh, shade of Peter Ramus—the balance wheel of one-third of an inch diameter is said to make 1,700 revolutions per minute.

DELICIOUS SWEETS.

Some Infallible Receipes for Home-Made Kickshaws—Hints for the ...

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A new use for a window seat in the dining room of a little apartment was thus explained by an ingenious hostess to a friend, who noticed its convenience and prettiness, and was told that it was the soiled table linen hamper.

Never bite your lips, or any of detached skin, unless you wish to ruin your lips, destroy their color and vitality, and, perhaps, give rise to eruptions. The mouth, like the tongue, is one of the "mirrors of health."

Women Made Beautiful

By Vestro. It will develop the bust six inches, adds grace and beauty to the neck. It is harmless and never fails. It will add charm and attraction to any woman. Send 2c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials sealed. Aurum Medicine Co. Dept. H-A, 55 State St., Chicago.

For patrons of luxurious tastes and plethoric pocketbooks are openwork bowls of silver for holding sponges.

Free to Ladies.

Any lady can get a copy of St. Joseph's Guide to Health and treatise on diseases of women. A free coupon appears on the last page of this issue. Cut it out and they will send the book free.

New embroidery frames are in rings of gilt or silver, made to fit one inside the other snugly, and fastened with a screw. They are much more firm than the old-fashioned wooden rings.

Fat Folks.

I am a trained nurse; 7 years ago I reduced 40 pounds by a harmless remedy; have not regained; have nothing to sell; enclose stamp and I will tell you how it was done. MRS. J. R. TOPPING, 321 Amsterdam avenue, New York, N. Y.

What is probably the largest locomotive in the world has just been completed, and weighs, with the tender, over 285,000 pounds. It is for use in Mexico.

Self Home Treatment for Ladies.

I will send free, with full instructions, some of this simple preparation for the cure of Leucorrhœa, Ulceration, Displacement and all female troubles, to all ladies sending address. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. Mrs. Summers, Box B.W., Notre Dame, Ind.

It is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and London to carry 1,000,000 fans as a single item of cargo.

It's Not Cold in the South.

The weather this season in the South has been all that could be desired, and all who have already reached the resorts of Florida and the Gulf Coast are charmed with their locations. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company's arrangements for through service of Sleeping Cars and Coaches from Northern cities are unsurpassed this winter. Tourists tickets, good to return until May 31st, are on sale by this line from all points, at low rates. For full particulars, write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Silver blue and pale golden russet colors are combined in demi-dress costumes of drap d'ete and repped silk.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Many of the demi-trained dress skirts are cut with nine gores, and at the back some are box-plaited and others fan-plaited.

Ladies. Send to Mrs. E. Kerner, Toledo, O., for free sample of Clover Blossom. Cures all female diseases.

Huguenot caps are added to the tops of many of the short, full, puffed sleeves of evening bodices.

PLEASE TRY Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC 10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

LOTS OF MAIL If You Want to Get a Big Mail ...
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PENNYROYAL PILLS CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS, DIAMOND BRAND ... CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO. ... PHILADELPHIA, PA.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Repeater 300 Shot Air Rifle and BOYCE'S MONTHLY, one year, for 98c ... BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Rifle Dept., Boyce Building, Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABITS ... DENARCO ... THE COMSTOCK REMEDY CO., LaFayette, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

FREE ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SILVER WATCH FREE ... SAFE WATCH CO. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MINERAL Rods for Gold Hunters and Treasure Seekers. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

C. S. A. MONEY ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CATALOGUE ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

7,000 ... MARRY ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Cured at Home. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

HYPNOTISM ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BED-WETTING CURED ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

696 ... CROWN CARD CO. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Magic Dip Needle ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CHILDBIRTH Made Easy. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

10c ... 10c ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS' SECRET SOCIETY ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

High Arm ... TRY IT FREE ... CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158-164 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ills. ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Home Games ALMOST Given Away ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SIDE LINE FOR TRAVELING MEN $2.00 Per Town for Traveling Men to APPOINT AGENTS ... When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OIL HEATERS! ... NO WASTING FUEL. ... BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MEN

["Shrewsbury" was begun in No. 1. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by sending to the Chicago office. Price five cents.]

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Price, a penniless usher in a boys' school at Ware, falls desperately in love with a beautiful servant girl. On the coming of the Duke of York, Dorinda persuades Richard to accompany her to the inn where the duke's retinue are lodged. At the gambling tables they lose money, which belonged to the master of the school, and to avoid discovery of the theft, Richard gains admittance to the master's room, steals sixty guineas, and gives them to Dorinda, intending to make their escape, the girl run off with the money, leaving Richard a prisoner in the room. He is caught and brought up for trial before Sir Baldwin Winston. The magistrate hands him over to the mercy of a young nobleman, Lord Shrewsbury. The latter, moved by a peculiar resemblance of Richard to another, lets him escape. He reaches London and secures a position as a clerk. By accident he shelters Ferguson, a conspirator from the constables, and comes under his power. A plot is hatched to advance the Jacobite cause, and his resemblance to a certain nobleman is made to serve the ends of the traitors. To test the scheme, he is brought before the nobleman's mother for inspection. On his return he meets the niece of Ferguson who orders him to bear a note to a certain tavern which she fears to enter, there being wild shouts and sounds of carousal within. He does so, surprising a meeting of conspirators. Returning to the girl he upbraids her for making a traitor of him. She asks him to run away with her, and he consents; but is caught by Ferguson, and forced by him to be a witness to an interview between himself and Lord Shrewsbury. Price saves the nobleman's life, and is rescued by him.

CHAPTER XXII.

My lord, I found, had a coach, without arms or insignia, waiting for him at the great turnstile in Holborn, where if persons recognized him as he alighted he would be taken to have business with the lawyers in Lincoln's Inn, or at my Lord Somers in the Fields. Following him to it on foot, I never saw a man walk in more deep or anxious thought. He took no heed of me, after bidding me by a gesture to attend him; but twice he stood in doubt, and once he made as if he would return whence we had come, and once as if he would cross the Fields—I think to Powis house. In the end, however, he went on, and arriving at the coach, the door of which a footman in plain livery held open for him, he bade me by sign to follow him into it. This I was not for doing, thinking it too great an honor; but on him crying impatiently, "Man, how do you think I am to talk to you if you ride outside?" I hastened to enter in equal confusion and humility.

Nevertheless some time elapsed, and we had traveled the length of Holborn before he spoke. Then rousing himself on a sudden from his pre-occupation, he looked at me. "Do you know a man called Barclay?" said he.

"No, your Grace," I answered.

"Sir George Barclay?"

"No, your Grace."

"Or Porter? Or Charnock? Or King?"

"No, your Grace."

"Umph!" said he, seeming to be disappointed, and for a time he looked out of the window. Presently, however, he glanced at me again, and so closely that I dropped my eyes out of respect. "I have seen you somewhere before!" he said at last.

Surprised beyond measure that he remembered me, so many years had elapsed, I confessed with emotion that he had.

"Where?" he asked plainly. "I see many people. And I have not old Rowley's memory, my friend."

I told him. "Your Grace may not remember it," I said greatly moved, "but many years ago at Abbot's Stanstead, at Sir Baldwin's Winston's—"

"What?" he exclaimed, cutting me short, with a flicker of laughter in his grave eyes. And he looked me over. "Did I flesh my maiden justice-sword on you? Were you the lad who ran away?"

"Yes, my lord—the lad whose life you saved," I answered.

"Well, then, we are quits," he had the kindness to answer, looking at me with serious kindness; and asked me how I had lived since those days.

I told him, naming Mr. Timothy Brome and saying that he would give me a character. The mention of the newswriter, however, had a different effect from that I expected; his Grace conceiving a hasty idea that he also was concerned with Ferguson, and crying out, under this impression, that if such men were turning, it was vain to fight against the stream. I hastened to disabuse him of the notion, by explaining how I came to fall into Ferguson's hands. On which he asked me what I had done for the plotter, and how he had employed me.

"He would send me on errands," I answered, and to fetch papers from the printers, and to carry his messages."

"To coffee houses?"

"Often, your Grace."

"Did he ever send you to Covent Garden?" he asked, looking fixedly at me.

"Yes, your Grace, to a gentleman with a white handkerchief hanging from his pocket."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, and with an eager light in his face he bade me tell him all I knew of that man. This giving me the cue, I detailed what I had seen and heard at the Seven Stars the evening before, the toast of the squeezing of the rotten orange, the hints which had escaped the drunken conspirator, and particularly his references to the hunting party and the date—Saturday or Saturday week. Adding also what I had learned from the girl, but mentioning for this no authority. To all my lord listened attentively, nodding from moment to moment, and at last: "Then Porter is not lying this time," he said, drawing a deep breath. "I feared—but here we are. Follow me, my friend, and keep close to me."

I did so, across a spacious hall floored with shining wood laid in strange patterns. Here were three or four servants, who stood at attention, but did not approach, and his Grace, passing them without notice, had reached the foot of a wide and handsome staircase before a person plainly in black and carrying a tall, slender wand, advanced, and with a low bow interposed himself.

"Your Grace's pardon!" he said. "The council has broken up."

"How long?"

"About half an hour."

"Ah! And Lord Somers? Did he go back to town at once?"

"Yes, your Grace, immediately."

The Duke at that asked a question which I, standing back a little out or respect—and being awed besides by the grandeur of the place and the silence—did not catch. The answer, however, "Only Lord Portland, your Grace, I heard, and likewise the Duke's rejoinder, "I am going up."

"You will permit me to announce your Grace?" the other, who seemed to be something between a gentleman and a servant, answered quickly.

"No," my lord said. "I am in haste, and I have that which will be my warranty. This person goes with me."

"I hope your Grace—will answer for it, then," the man in black replied respectfully, but with a little hesitation in his tone.

"That you are not blamed, Nash?" the Duke rejoined, with good nature. "Yes, yes, I will. And now, let us up."

On that the man with the wand stood aside—still a little doubtfully—and let us pass, and, my patron preceding me, we went up a wide staircase and along a silent corridor and through one or two swing doors, the duke seeming to be conversant with the house. When his grace opened the second swing door and the shrill, piping voice of a child crowing and laughing in an ecstacy of infantile pleasure, came forth and met us, I started as if a gun had exploded.

We stood on the threshold of a wide and splendid gallery, set here and there with great china vases, and hung with pictures which even then I discerned to be of great beauty, and afterward learned were of no less rarity. Letting my eyes travel down this vista, they paused naturally at a spot under one of the windows, where, with his back to us and ribbons in his hands, a slight gentleman beyond middle age and dressed in black, ambled and paced in front of a child four or five years old. The wintry sunlight, which fell in cold bars on the floor proved his progress to be more showy than real; nevertheless, the child shrieked in its joy, and, dancing, jerked the ribbons and waved a little whip in response to which the gentleman, whose long curled periwig bobbed oddly on his shoulders—he had his back to us—pranced more stoutly though on legs a little thin and bent.

He had a long, sallow face, which seemed the sallower for the dark, heavy, wig that fell round it; a large hooked nose and full peevish lips, with eyes both both bright and morose. I am told that he seldom smiled, and never laughed, and that while the best tales of King Charles' court passed round him, he would stand abstracted, or on occasion wither the teller by a silent nod.

"Your grace is always welcome," he said, speaking in English, a little broken and guttural. "And yet—you might have come more apropos, I confess."

"A thousand pardons, sir," my lord answered, bowing until his knee well nigh touched the ground. "I thought you were in your closet, sir, or I should have taken your pleasure before I intruded."

"But you have news?"

"Voila monsieur!" said he. "Will that suit your lordship?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

Apprised by what I heard not only that I stood in the gallery of Kensington court—a mansion which his majesty had lately bought from Lord Nottingham and made his favorite residence—but that the gentleman in black whom I had found so simply employed, was no other man than the king himself. I ask you to imagine with what interest I looked upon him. He, whom the old king of France had dubbed in bitter derision the "little squire of Breda" and whom two revolutions had successively created Stadtholder of Holland and sovereign holder of these isles, was at this time 46 years old, already prematurely bent, and a prey to the asthma which afflicted his later life.

"No good news," my patron answered. "And yet I can scarcely call it bad. In the country it will have a good effect."

"Bien! But what is it?"

"I have seen Ferguson, sir."

"Then you have seen a d—d scoundrel!" the king exclaimed, with an energy I had not expected from him, and indeed, such outbreaks were rare with him. "He is arrested, then?"

"No, sir," the duke answered. "I trust, however, that he will be before night."

"But if he be free, how came you in his company?" the king asked, somewhat sharply.

My lord hesitated and seemed for a moment at a loss how to answer. Being behind him, I could not see his face, but I fancied that he grew red, and that the fourth person present, a stout, burly gentleman, marked with the smallpox, who had advanced and now stood near the king, was hard put to it not to smile. At last, "I received a letter, sir," my lord said, speaking stiffly, and with constraint, "purporting to come from a third person—"

"Ah!" said the king drawling the word and nodding dry comprehension.

"On the faith of which, believing it to be from that other—if you understand, sir—"

"I understand perfectly," said the king, and he coughed.

"I was induced," my lord said, doggedly, "to give the villain a meeting. And learned, sir, partly from him, and partly from this man here"—this more freely—"enough to corroborate the main particulars of Mr. Prendergast's story."

"Ah!" said the king, "Good! And the particulars?"

"That Sir George Barclay, the person mentioned by Mr. Prendergast, is giving nightly rendezvous in Covent Garden to persons, mainly from France, who are being formed by him into a band, the design, as stated by Prendergast, to fall on your majesty's person in the lane betwen Fulham Green and the river on your return from hunting."

"Does he agree as to the names?" the king asked, looking at me.

"He knows no names, sir," the duke answered, "but he saw a number of the conspirators at the Seven Stars in Covent Garden last night and heard them speak openly of a hunting party, with other things pointing the same way."

"He can speak to a person who I think can be identified as Barclay," my lord answered. "He cannot speak to Charnock—"

"That is the Oxford man?"

"Yes, sir—or Porter, or King, or the others by those names, but he can speak to two of them under the names by which Prendergast said that they were passing."

"Voila! It does not seem to me to be so simple," the king said, with a touch of impatience. "What is this person's name, and who is he?"

The duke told him, and that I had been Ferguson's tool.

"That rogue is in it, then?"

"He is privy to it," the duke answered.

"And you are confident that this is no bubble?" the king said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, sir, I am."

By this time Lord Portland had withdrawn through a door at the further end of the gallery. The king, taking a turn this way and that, with his hands clasped behind him, and his head bent low, so that his great wig almost hid his features, seemed to be lost in thought. After waiting a moment the duke coughed, and this failing to attract the king's attention, he ventured to address him. "There is another matter I have to mention to you, sir," he said, with a touch of constraint in his tone.

The king paused in his walk and looked sharply at him. "Ah, of course," he said, nodding. "Did you see Lord Middleton?"

The duke could not hide a start. "Lord Middleton, sir?" he faltered.

The king smiled coldly. "The letter," he said, "was from him, I suppose?"

My lord rallied himself. "No, sir, it was not," he said with a flash of spirit. "It purported to be from him."

"Yet you went—wherever you went—thinking to see him?" his majesty continued, smiling rather disagreeably.

"I did," my lord answered, his tone betraying his agitation. "But to do nothing to the prejudice of your service, and what I could to further your interests—short of giving him up. He is my relative."

The king shrugged his shoulders.

"And for years," my lord cried warmly, "was my intimate friend.

The king shrugged his shoulders again. "We have fought that out before," he said with a sigh of wariness. "And more than once. For the rest, in that connection and whatever others may say, Lord Shrewsbury has no ground to complain of me."

My lord threw up his hands. "You have a right to say that, sir. But if anyone else—or, no I—I forgot myself."

"Something has disturbed you," said the king, intervening with much kindness.

"The Duke of Berwick, sir, is in London."

To my astonishment, and, I have no doubt, to the duke's the king merely nodded. "Ah," he said, "is he in this petty plot, then?"

"I think not," the duke answered. "But I should suppose——"

"That he's here to take advantage of it," the king said. "Well, he is his uncle's own nephew. I suppose Ferguson sold him, as he has sold everyone all his life?"

"Yes, sir. But not, I think, with the intention that I should carry out the bargain."

"Eh?"

"It is a long tale, sir," the duke said rather wearily. "And having given your majesty the information——"

"You need not tell the tale. Well, no, for I can guess it," the king answered. "The old rogue, I suppose, was for ruining you with me if you hid the news, and for damning you with King James if you informed, which latter he did not think likely, but that instead he would have a hold on you."

The duke, in a tone of much surprise, acknowledged that he had guessed rightly.

"Well, it was a very pretty dilemma," said the king, with a sort of gusto. "And where is M. Fitzjames in hiding?"

"At Dr. Lloyd's in Hogsden Gardens," my lord answered. But he could not conceal his gloom.

"He must be arrested," said the king. "A warrant must be issued. Will you see to it with the others?"

My lord assented, but with such a sigh that it required no wizard to discern both the cloud that hung over him, and also that now he had done what Ferguson had dared him to do, the consequence lay heavy on him. The king, after considering him a moment, with a singular expression, between amusement and reproach, broke the silence.

"See here, my lord," he said, with good nature. "I will tell you what to do. Sit down now and here write a line to monsieur, bidding him begone, and send it by a private hand, and the warrant by a messenger an hour later."

The duke started at the king in astonishment. "But he will escape, sir," he faltered.

"So much the better," the king answered indifferently.

He arose with that, and, moving stiffly to the table at which Lord Portland had been waiting when he entered, he sought for and found a pen. Then sitting in the chair, which the groom of the stole had left vacant, he tore a slip of paper from a folio before him, and, writing some lines on it—about six, as far as I could judge—handed the paper to the duke, who had remained standing at a formal distance.

"Voila, monsier," he said. "Will that suit yuor lordship?"

The duke took it respectfully and looked at it. "But, sir, it is in my name," he he cried, aghast. "And bears my signature!"

"Eh, bien, why not?" his majesty answered lightly. "The name is the name of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau.' Take it and send it by a trusty messenger. Perhaps the man who came with you, and you—pheugh, my lord, I had forgotten that this person was here. We have spoken too freely."

The oath which the duke let fall as he turned and the face of dismay and anger

"A mistake!" he answered continuing to smile "A mistake! Some other Smith."

with which he gazed on me were proof enough that he shared the king's opinion, as he had shared his mistake. For a moment, the two glaring at me with equal disgust and vexation, I thought I should sink into the floor. Then the king beckoned to me to come forward. And I obeyed him.

The odd and unexpected glimpse of generosity which the king had allowed to escape him in his interview with the duke somewhat lessened the fears I must otherwise have entertained at that moment.

But the thing took a turn which relieved me when I least expected it. As I approached, the chagrin in the king's face gave place to a look of surprise: and that again, but more slowly, to one of intelligence. "Ah! Je me trompais!" he muttered rapidly. "What did you say his name was?"

"Price," the duke answered, continuing to glower at me.

"Price?" Ah, cela va sans dire! But—he is a cadet—a dependent? He is in some way connected—how do you say it—related to your family?"

"To mine, sir!" the duke exclaimed in a voice of the utmost astonishment: and he drew himself up as if the king had pricked him.

"N'est-ce pas ca?" his majesty replied, looking from one to the other of us. "Yet he has so much a look of you that it might be possible in some lights to take him from your grace were he differently dressed."

The duke looked purely offended. "Your majesty is under a strange misapprehension," he said, very stiffly. "If this person resembles me—of which I was not aware—I know nothing of the cause, and the likeness, for what it is worth, must be accidental. As a fact, I never saw him but once before in my life, sir, and that perfectly by chance." And he very briefly related the circumstances under which we came together.

The king listened to the story, but as if he scarcely believed it; and he smiled when the duke came to tell how he allowed me to escape. Then, "And you have never seen him from that day to this?" he said incredulously.

"Never!" said the duke, positively. "But it is not my intention to lose sight of him again."

"Ah!" the king said.

"I have not told you, sir, all that happened," the duke continued, reading, I think, the king's thoughts. "But, briefly, Mr. Ferguson, who has come to be little short of a madman, drew a pistol on me at the close of our interview, and but for his friend here—who had been placed to listen, but at that broke from his place of hiding and knocked up the muzzle so that it exploded harmlessly—I should have come off ill."

"And I not much better," the king said, nodding and looking grave. "You are unhurt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that puts another face on it, and if you retain him beside you, what he has now heard will be of the less importance. Hark you, my friend," he continued, addressing me, "can you keep your mouth shut?"

I said humbly that I could and would.

"Then, taisez, taisez," he answered, emphatically. "And take this letter to Hogsden Gardens to Bishop Lloyd's. See Bishop Lloyd and put it in his hands. Say nothing, give no message, but go to your master's in St. James' square. Will you seal it, Duke, with a plain seal? Good. And go you out, man, by the way you came in, and answer no questions. And now for the council and the warrants, my lord. We have lost too much time already."

To say that I went from the presence without knowing how I did it, and when I reached the court yard had no more idea how I gained it or by what staircase I had descended than if I had been blind, is but the truth; nor is it to be wondered at when the amazing thing which had happened to me is in the least degree taken into consideration. In truth I walked on air and saw nothing. I was so deeply overjoyed and though it is certain that as I went out I met one and another, passed the sentries, and ran the gauntlet of curious eyes—for who that quits a court escapes that ordeal—I was no more conscious of the observations made upon me, or the surprise I excited as I went by, than if I had really walked in the clouds. Issuing from the gates, I took by instinct rather than design the road to London, and hugging to my breast the letter which the king—the king—had entrusted to me, made the best of my way toward Tyburn.

The day was on the wane, and the road hence to St. Giles pound was lively with persons come out to take the air; through whom I treaded my way at a good pace, and coming to Holborn without mishap, turned up Cow lane and so got speedily to Smithfield and across the market to Long Lane, knowing my way so far without having need to ask.

Here, however, took sudden fright. My mind, which, as I walked, had been busy with Ferguson's niece, and the steps I should take to find her—if, indeed, I wished to find her, about which I was puzzled, the surrounding circumstances being so different—was invaded by the notion that I had been long on the road. To this was added next moment the reflection that messengers sent to arrest the duke could, by taking a coach, forestall me. The thought threw me into a hot fit, which increased on me when I considered that I did not know the remainder of the road, and might waste much time in tracing it. Naturally my first impulse in this strait was to seek a guide, but Long Lane by Smithfield is only one degree better than Whetstone Park and I shrunk from applying to the sots and drabs who stood at the doors and corners or lounged out of the patched windows and lazily or rudely watched me go by.

In this difficulty, and growing the more diffident and alarmed the more slowly I walked, I looked about eagerly for some person or passable aspect of whom I could inquire. I saw none, and my uncertain glances and loitering steps were beginning to draw on me advances and attention that were anything but welcome, when, reaching a corner where an alley, now removed—I think it was then called Dog alley—runs out of Long Lane, I saw a man, decently habited, come out of a house a little way down the alley. He closed the door sharply behind him, and as I looked, went off in the opposite direction.

Here was my opportunity. Without losing a moment, I ran after him, and he, hearing my steps, turned, and we came face to face. Then, when it was too late to retreat, I saw with unutterable dismay, that the man I had stopped was no stranger, but the person who had dressed me up the night before and taken me to the mysterious house in the suburbs; the man called Smith, whom I had first seen under the piazza in Covent Garden, and again in Ferguson's room.

On hearing my footsteps he had turned on me very sharply, with the air of a man who had no mind to be followed and no taste for followers. But on seeing who it was, his face grew light, and he whistled his surprise. "I was on my way to you," he said, "and here you are. That is good luck. I suppose Ferguson sent you?"

"No," I said, avoiding his eyes, and wondering with inward quakings what was going to happen to me. "I—I lost my road."

"Oh!" said he, and looked keenly at me. "Lost your road, did you? Well, it was very much to the purpose as it happened. May I ask where you were going?"

I shifted my feet uneasily. "To Bunhill Fields," I said, naming the first place of which I could think.

"Ah!" he said, with apparent carelessness; and though it seemed scarcely possible he should fail to observe the heat and disorder into which his presence had thrown me, he made no sign. "Well, you are not far out," he continued, "and I will come with you. When you have done your errand we will talk over my business. This way. I know this end of the town well. And so it was not Ferguson," he added with a sharp look at me, "who sent you after me?"

"No," I said.

"Nor his errand that brought you here?"

"No," I said again, my mouth dry. "And I need not give you the trouble to come with me. I shall be taking you——"

"Out of my way? Not at all," he answered briskly. "And it is no trouble. Come along, my friend."

I dared say no more, nor show farther reluctance; and so with feet like lead and eyes roving furtively for a way of escape, I turned and went with him. Nay, it was not my feet only that were weighted; the letter, and my consciousness of it lay so heavy on my mind it was like lead in the pocket.

In the meantime we moved on; and at first my companion seemed to be unconscious of my sluggish pace and my perturbation. But presently I felt rather than saw that from minute to minute he glanced at me askance, and that after each of these inspections he laughed silently. This presently grew so insupportable that to escape from my embarrassment I coughed and affected to choke.

"You have a cold, I am afraid," he said, scarcely concealing the sneer in his tone. "And yet you look warm. You must have walked fast, my friend?"

I muttered that I had.

"To overtake me, perhaps? It was good of you," he said, in the same tone of secret badinage. "But we are here? What part of the fields do you want? Whitecross street?"

"No," I said, faintly.

At another time I must have shuddered at the dreary expanse that on this nethermost fringe of the town stretched before us under a waning light an expanse of waste land broken only by the wall of the burial ground or the chimney of a brick kiln, and bordered, where its limits were visible by half-built houses and squatters' huts and vast pile of refuse.

"I suppose that you did not come here to look at that?" said he.

Like a fool I jumped at the absurd, the flimsy pretext. "Yes," I said. "I—I merely came to take the air."

The moment the words were spoken I trembled at my audacity. But he took it better than I expected, for he merely paused to stare at me and then chuckled grimly. "Well," he said, "then now that you have taken the air, let us go back. Have you anything to object to that, Mr. Taylor?"

I could find nothing.

"I will come with you," he continued. "I want to see Ferguson, and we can settle by business there."

But this only presented to me a dreadful vision of Ferguson, released from his bonds, and mad with rage and the desire to avenge himself, and I stopped short. "I am not going there," I said.

"No? Then where, may I ask, are you going?" he answered, watching me with a placid amusement, which made it clear as the daylight that he saw through my evasions. "Where is it my lord's pleasure to go?"

"To Brome's in Fleet street," said hoarsely. And if he had had his back to me at that instant and I a knife in my hand, I could have run him through. For as I said it and he, with mocking suavity assented, and we stepped out together to return the way we had come through Long lane—over which the sky hung low in the dull, yellow haze, the last of the western light—I had a swift and stinging recollection of the king and my lord, and the letter and the passage of time, and could have sprung from his side and poured out curses on him in the impotence of my rage and impatience. For the hour of grace which the king had granted was gone, and a second was passing, and still the letter that should warn the Duke of Berwick lay in my pocket, and I saw no chance of delivering it.

(To be continued next week.)

Free Medical Treatise.

L. Gerstle & Co. have generously offered to send any lady who cuts out the coupon on the last page, a copy of St. Joseph's Medical treatise. Don't miss this chance. The book is sent absolutely free.

Steamed Salmon Is Fine.

A specially desirable method of cooking salmon is to steam it. We all like our food served daintily, and I know no more tempting dish than steamed salmon served with Hollandaise sauce and garnished with parsley and slices of hard-boiled eggs. Wipe the salmon and cut into fillets. Steam twenty-five minutes, and place on a hot platter around a generous bunch of parsley; garnish with hard-boiled eggs, and pour around the salmon Hollandaise sauce.—Chicago Tribune.

The Funny Part.

The supplement to the Chicago Blade continues to hold the interest of Blade readers. Humor and illustrated jokes, besides funny anecdotes gathered from every land, appear every week. The Blade is the paper for the people. Its news columns are bright and up-to-date. The Blade costs five cents and can be procured from the Ledger agent.

No Necessity.—Brown—Come, now, do you believe that it is possible for a lawyer to tell the truth? Lawyer Fleese—Oh, yes, I suppose so; but why should there be any necessity for it?—Boston Transcript.

It seems paradoxical that there isn't a single person in a room full of married folks.

FREE TRIAL TO ANY HONEST MAN

The Foremost Medical Company in the World in the Cure of Weak Men Makes This Offer.

Health and Energy Assured; Happy Marriage, Good Temper, Long Life.

In all the world today—in all the history of the world—no doctor or institu-

tion has treated and restored so many men as has the famed ERIE MEDICAL CO., of Buffalo, N. Y.

This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.

So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now, for the first time, makes this startling offer:

They will send their costly and magically effective appliance and a whole month's course of restorative remedies, positively on trial, without expense, to any honest and reliable man!

Not a dollar need be advanced—not a penny paid—till results are known to and acknowledged by the patient.

The Erie Medical Company's appliance and remedies have been talked about and written about all over the world, till every man has heard of them. They restore or create strength, vigor, healthy tissues and new life.

They repair drains on the system that sap the energy. They cure nervousness, despondency, and all the effects of evil habits, excesses, overwork, etc.

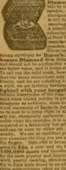
They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Failure is impossible and age is no barrier.

This "Trial without Expense" offer is naturally limited by the company to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, or bogus philanthropy nor deception, no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, 23 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and give your express address as well as your Post Office. Refer to seeing the account of their offer in the Chicago Ledger.

WHY WEAR CHEAP, FLAWED & DEFECTIVE DIAMONDS



When in this age of progress, the genuine gem can be ... the celebrated Carbonezze Diamond ... Solid Gold ... Genuine Diamond ... Carbonezze Diamond Gem Ring Free ... Boyce's Monthly ...

BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

SOLD! UNDER A Positive Guarantee

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WORK FOR YOU. WE PAY GOOD WAGES

LABADIE ART CO., ... Kalamazoo, Mich.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

YOU CAN MAKE MONEY!

VERNAL REMEDY COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

EARN $3 A WEEK | WE WANT RELIABLE MEN

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$6! 1000

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DETECTIVE

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SALESMEN

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$30 A WEEK

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Marriage Certificates ...

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$4 A DAY TO AGENT.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WANTED

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SALESMEN

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WE PAY CASH

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$18 a Week

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BENJ. STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$75.00 SALARY

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WORK THAT PAYS

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

NEW FAMILY RECORD

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED | ENERGETIC MEN AND WOMEN

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WATCHES BICYCLES JEWELRY FREE

BOYCE'S MONTHLY.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS CAN

BOYCE'S MONTHLY.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE MME. McCABE CORSET

LADY AGENTS

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SIDE LINE FOR TRAVELING MEN

$2.00 Per Town for Traveling Men to

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL | DO YOU WANT TO RECEIVE ... FREE

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PLEASE TRY Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC

BIG $5 BOX

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE TO YOU

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THIS BELT FREE!

Boyce's Monthly, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

GIRLS A SOLID GOLD RING FREE

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OUR 30 DAY OFFER $100

INTRODUCTION PRICES.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE POSTER GIRL.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

The blessed Poster girl leaned out
And on a pink-purple fascian,
She saw a pink-purple man who was green;
But long was the distance between,
And that tree stayed on its band,
And the hats on her head were seven.

Her voice, empty, full, clear as tone,
No earthenware did adorn;
Upon the point of words she leaned,
And on the hat that he wore her back
Was more the valued corn.

It was a kind of weekly wave
That she was standing on,
And high aloft the song a scarf

That must have watched a tan;
And she was rather tall—at least
She reached up to the sun.

Her eyes and writhed, and then she said,
Each group of speech that rose:
"Oh, you're a horrid person, perhaps!
I don't know as you're not;
But my attire worth depends
Upon the point of view.

I saw her smile, although her eyes
Were fixed on the distance;
And then I noticed her casting arms,
And waggle her supreme ears.
She was a pretty girl, I reckoned sob,
And wet such purple tears.

—The Century.

THE ENGINEER'S WHITE HAIR.

He Was Returning From Gettysburg and at Night Passed the Newly Opened Grave of His Rival.

By CY WARMAN.

BY CY WARMAN.

(Copyright, 1897, by Cy Warman.)

A big black cloud that seemed to pull out at the horizon until it was the shape of a balloon spotted the sky when I was a boy at Marshall Pass. The flood rushed down a narrow gulch and swept a section of three feet of the railroad track. The New England engineer who had to be hauled down in darkness at the foot of the hill, and held there until the flood could be fought back. There was absolutely no excitement for the excitement was over when the cloud broke for the flooding, and yet one heard no complaint. Nearly three days and nights of power was used to a fill for the extra feet of mountain that had been washed away and the track was laid over the ruins. We all knew that we should have to work with the pony in a very short time.

"These Yankee fellers," said the old engineer, "have more nerve to the square inch than any class of people under the sun."

A couple of gentlemen came over to the little round-house where the old engineer lounged then, looking at the engine that stood steaming in front of the house waiting orders. Then the old man, in spite of the distance, a white-haired man in overalls smoking a clay pipe.

"Good evening," said one of the tourists, "I suppose you are the engineer?"

"I reckon I am," said the old engineer, putting a coal the last piece of kindling wood in the fire-box, "been here a couple of years."

"Well, I can't say that I have," said the man in overalls.

"Your engineer's hair is white, and yet you look older than I am."

"Yes," said the man, with an embarrassed air that showed he was sorry he had mentioned it, "I'm older than I look. I'm old enough to be his father, but I'm still a young woman."

"I suppose you have seen a great deal of the country," said the